THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCII.—No. 1197]
NOVEMBER 24, 1926
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WITH SPECIAL PYRENEES SUPPLEMENT IN COLOUR

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet

LARGE OVAL CORK TIPPED

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/6 50 for 3/9 100 for 7/6

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

CHAMPAGNE

Charles Heidsieck

REIMS

FINEST EXTRA QUALITY

EXTRA DRY

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia

Only fluid magnesia should be taken by Adults or given to Infants.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

Dinneford's Magnesia is fluid and has been proved for over 100 years to be invaluable for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections, &c.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

CLYNO CARS

11 H.P. and 12/28 H.P.

Prices from £160.0.0

ALL MODELS FITTED WITH FOUR WHEEL BRAKES

ROOD & CO. LTD

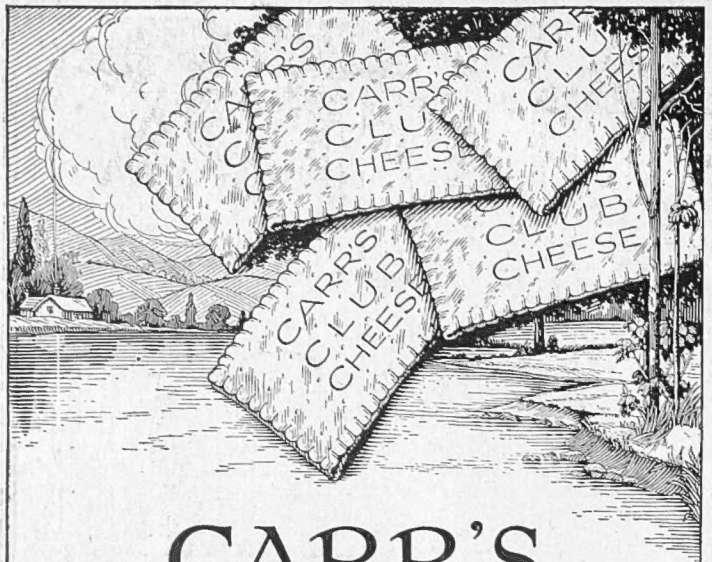
50 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

DEALERS IN FINE JEWELS

52 & 53, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London.

Spécialité: Second-hand Rings, Brooches and Pearl Necklaces.

Jewels purchased, valued, exchanged or remounted from artistic designs.



CARR'S CLUB CHEESE BISCUITS

Crisp dainty savoury biscuits of refined flavour. About 180 to the lb.

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE.

CELES
LATEST MODELS

Make certain that the Celes Regd. name is on every garment

CELES REGD
PURE SILK

CELES

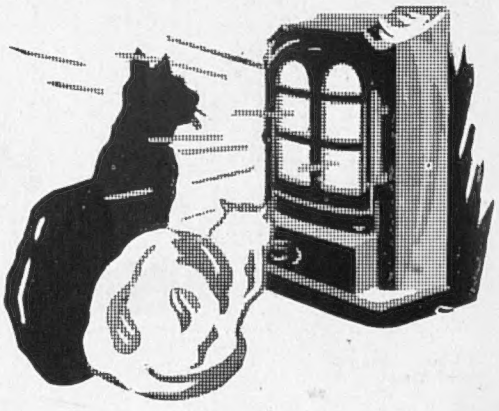
ESCORT
Guaranteed
UMBRELLAS

"*Times are hard and money short,*
Yet rain is in the betting,
So take a tip and buy ESCORT
To save your friends a wetting."

ALL ESCORT Umbrellas carry a twelve months written guarantee, and are obtainable in Black covers from **15/9** Coloured covers from **19/9**

"UNDER ESCORT"

For name of nearest retailer write to
ESCORT UMBRELLAS, 8/9, Paddington Street, London, W.1



Pets!

Have you noticed that cats must be comfortable? Generally, if allowed, they take up the most comfortable place in the house. That is why you find them in front of the "*ESSE*". Who can blame them! It is very pleasant to revel in cosy comfort in the heat from an "*ESSE*" stove. Just hear them purr! The "*ESSE*" with its heat, economy of fuel, and perfect regulation is a boon to the home. Let an "*ESSE*" be *your* "Pet."

KEEP SUMMER WARMTH
THE WINTER THRO'

Prices from: Plain, £4 . 9 . 0. Enamel finish, £5 . 18 . 6

Ask your Ironmonger or Stove Dealer for a copy of the interesting Book of the "*ESSE*", or we will post direct to you with name of the nearest "*ESSE*" dealer.

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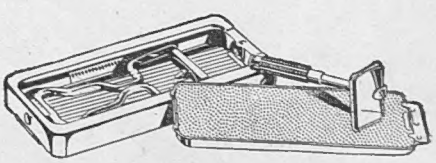
PATENT STOVES

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers:
SMITH & WELLSTOOD, LTD., Bonnybridge, SCOTLAND.
With Showrooms at London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Give him the present he would choose himself!

The ROLLS RAZOR is a wonderful gift for a man. The very thing he would choose himself. It means years of smooth shaves for him. It has one hollow-ground blade only—a blade that is stropped and honed automatically in its box. And it's guaranteed. This Christmas, then, give him the British gift—a ROLLS RAZOR. He really needs one.



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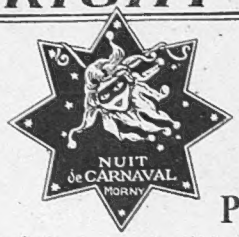
Popular Model - - 25/-
Standard Model - - 30/-

ROLLS RAZOR

The Simple Safety with the Guaranteed Blade.

ROLLS RAZOR LIMITED, 1, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.1

GIFTS which are always RIGHT



The MORNY "VANITY BOOK"

A beautiful miniature reproduction of a Gold and Red tooled Leather-Bound Book—containing two Morny solid Face Powders (Rachel-Naturelle and Rose Carnaval), two Puffs, a gilt tube of Lip Salve and Mirror. (*As illd.*) 21/-

Postage 6d. extra.

The FAMOUS MORNY PERFUMES

In gold-lettered crystal bottles (*As illd.*) "June Roses," 8/- and 10/6 "Chaminade" or "Mystérieuse," 10/9 and 15/- "Nuit de Carnaval" (gold labelled), 12/6 and 17/6

Postage 6d. extra.

Every woman loves perfumed gifts for her personal use.

Choose your gifts from the beautifully illustrated Booklet of "50 Gifts from Morny," priced from 2/- to 3 Gns. This Booklet is post free on request.

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Originator of Fine Perfumery Products

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All the Morny Fine Perfume Products are obtainable from the leading Retailers of Perfumery throughout the British Isles.

The Finest Covers the Best Fillings go into the making of all

A guaranteed McLintock PURIFIED DOWN QUILT MADE IN ENGLAND AT BARNSLEY

Look *for* this Label on every *Genuine* McLintock

Ask to see them

You will be delighted and entranced with the many marvellous and varied hued designs of exceptional beauty which can be seen at any high-class furnishers and stores. In case of difficulty write direct to McLintock & Sons, Ltd., Barnsley, Yorks, for name of nearest retailer.

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PIONEER IN THE MAKING OF

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You can trust Pure Wool!

Wool—Pure Wool—will always retain the allegiance of those who realise its health protection.

In this climate, Wool is the finest defence against ill-health, which frequently has its origin in the lowered vitality brought about by chills and colds. It is Nature's own provision for resistance to climatic conditions and, unlike its many artificial substitutes, can be thoroughly trusted.

"Pesco" Pure Wool Underwear owes its popularity to the fact that it combines these attributes with a perfection of design that ensures the utmost comfort and freedom in wear, while at the same time meeting the most fastidious demands of modern fashion.

ASK FOR "PESCO"—SCOTCH AND BEST

Pesco

TRADE MARK

UNSHRINKABLE PESCO FINISH

"Pesco" is obtainable from all Drapers and Hosiers in every fashionable underwear shape in Pure Wool (or Silk and Wool) for Ladies, Gentlemen or Children: also in Hosiery and Sports Wear. For Infants and Young Children "Pesco" Baby Wear is recommended. Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable. In case of difficulty write for names of nearest agents.

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Gentlemen - your linen

We invite Gentlemen who are particular about the redressing of their linen, to write for our Brochure,

"LINEN BY POST."

It explains our service and the methods we employ to produce perfect work.

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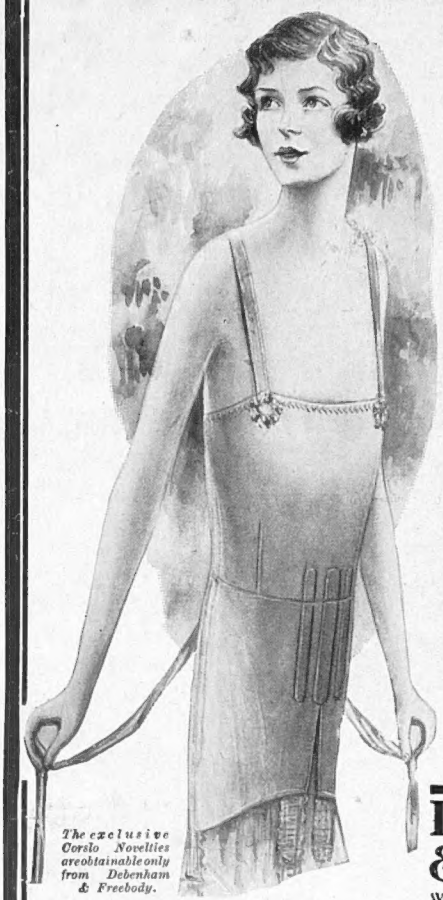

"The Secret of Slenderness"

THE CORSLO "CONTOUR"

(FOR FULL FIGURES)

The Corslo "Contour" gives to the fullest figure relief from the compression and discomfort of stiffly boned and tightly laced corsets. This freedom will mean improved health and renewed vitality, and, in addition, will ensure a graceful line and absolute ease. It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, and so saves the thickness of double materials. Extra and firmer bones have been introduced at front and back to give the necessary support. The Corslo "Contour" fastens at the left side so that it can be put on without stooping, and then adjusted to a comfortable fitting by the back lacings. Two pairs of suspenders. Bones removable for washing. Indispensable for tropical wear. In cotton tricot in white, black and pink. Measurements required: Bust, waist and hips.

PRICE **73/6**

In best quality silk tricot and satin, **6½ Gns.**

Catalogue post free

The exclusive Corslo Novelties are obtainable only from Debenham & Freebody.

Sent on approval

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Shoes to grace the festive gatherings of Yuletide. Select from Manfield's and set the standard in your own circle.

Example is a model of perfect charm. In Old Gold Brocade, with gold kid crescent overlay. (Also in a Silver combination.) No. 261531 at **54/9**

Dress shoe fashions in colours. Booklet post free.

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And throughout London and United Kingdom.

The business of the

INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

is now being carried on at

OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT ST., W.1

(adjoining JAYS—as illustrated).

New and effective treatment of the skins is exemplified in the attractive Coatee of Peschaniki (marmot) which promises to be one of the smartest furs of the season. It is trimmed with South American Skunk and lined throughout with soft brown Crêpe-de-Chine. Length 30 ins. . Price **£39**

A SELECTION OF FURS MAY BE HAD ON APPROVAL

The INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

OXFORD CIRCUS

REGENT ST. W.1

NEXT DOOR TO JAYS

THE International Fur Store is always first to introduce the Model that eventually becomes the vogue. Their Autumn and Winter Creations are now being shown, and it can confidently be asserted that never before have the new coats been so "different" as they are on this occasion.

FURS RENOVATED AND REMODELLED

No one woman is exactly like another; there are always subtle differences of style and personality.... Then why are all coiffures so much alike?

THIS subtle "difference" of personality should be a woman's most treasured possession. It makes her distinctively herself, instead of just "one of a type. . . ." The dressing of your hair can either obscure this subtle difference or delightfully emphasise it. Understanding artistry in permanent waving makes all the difference.

It is because of the really marvellous skill of Nestlé artists in this direction that the Nestlé salons have become the resort of practically all the most fashionable, exclusive, and beautiful women of the day.

Studying subtle nuances of type, and hardly-noticeable variations in the texture of hair, taking into account the shape of heads and the modelling of features, the Nestlé artists trim, permanently wave and set your hair so that, beyond being merely exquisitely groomed, it actually becomes a definite expression of your own personality.

It is literally true that many a woman has found herself more lovely after Nestlé permanent waving than ever she dreamed she could be! It is because her own particular individuality has been caught and perfectly expressed.

This wonderful Nestlé permanent waving costs not a penny more than ordinary permanent waving costs elsewhere, but it is a kind of waving that only the Nestlé artists, with their peculiar flair and experience, can give.

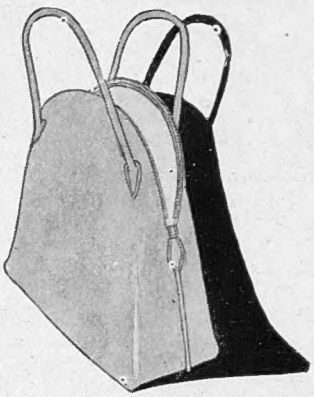
Ring either of the Nestlé salons and we will arrange an appointment for the earliest possible moment. Or if you prefer, we will send you first the Nestlé book about permanent waving. Write to Dept. 22.

THE NESTLÉ SALONS ARE AT
48 SOUTH MOLTON STREET (*Mayfair* 2986) AND 43 DOVER STREET (*Regent* 1934) LONDON W.1

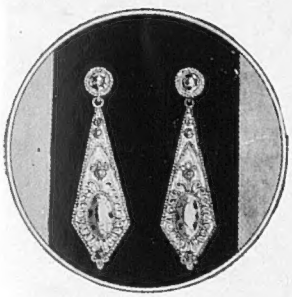
but you can also obtain the genuine Nestlé wave at

ALTRINCHAM: Maison Taylor, Station Buildings, Moss Lane. BATH: Mills and Watkins, 3, George Street. BOURNEMOUTH: S. A. Thomson ('*Phone* 148), 100-102, Poole Road, Westbourne. CARDIFF: Robert Lane, Duke Street. CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY: Maison Taylor, 76, Barlow Moor Road. DIDSBURY: Maison Taylor, Bank Buildings, Lapwing Lane. GLASGOW: Léon, 89, St. Vincent Street. LEEDS: Miss Manning, 27, County Arcade. MANCHESTER: Maison Taylor, 26-28, King Street, and at 131, Oxford Road, All Saints. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Miss Margaret Joice, 1, St. Mary's Place.

Let Nestlé Permanent Waving express your individuality



"LAST MINUTE" BAG, a most useful present with lightning fastener, in real Morocco or Hide, lined Silk Moirette.
12 inch. .. **52/6**
14 inch. .. **60/-**



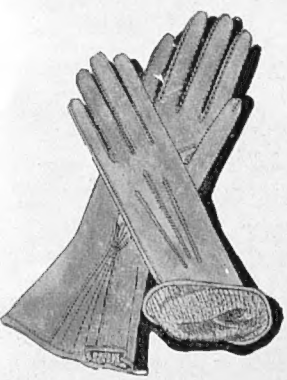
ROCOCO EARRINGS in dull gilt, set sapphire, emerald, topaz or amethyst (F.J. 8).
Per Pair **5/6**

GIFTS

IN search of something specially lovely for someone specially nice, one's steps turn naturally to Harrods. Decorative, amusing, practical—however tastes may vary, there are suggestions here that will mean satisfaction for the giver, joy for the recipient!

GILT NECKLET, very attractive, set with imitation stones in emerald, topaz, amethyst or ruby (F.J. 805). **15/6**

BRACELET to match Necklet (F.J. 42), **6/6**



SOFT DEGRAINED GLOVES, with seamless lining, elastic wrist and centre gusset. Sable and Slate. Sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½ (L.G. 200). Per Pair **14/9**

Brush Set (P.S. 6289).

Hand Mirror, 10 ins. long	£4	15	0
Hair Brushes, 9 ins. long .. .. .. *Each*	£2	15	0
Hat Brush, 6¼ ins. long	£1	12	6
Cloth Brush, 6¼ ins. long	£1	12	6
Real Tortoiseshell and Silver Comb, 6¼ ins. long	£1	12	6

Powder Puff Jar

Another delightful gift suggestion for Madame's boudoir. A Tortoiseshell and Silver mounted cut glass Powder Puff Jar. Diameter 5". **£2 17 6**

Scissors Wallet

P.S. 6785. *Harrods New Scissors Set in wallet case, 3 Sheffield-made Stainless Steel Scissors, Stainless Steel Bodkin, and Ribbon Threader* **30/-**

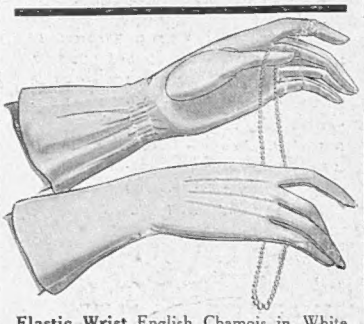
CHOKER OF LARGE BEADS with fancy gilt connections. In jade, coral, black or bright red (F.J. 18). **6/6**

HARRODS

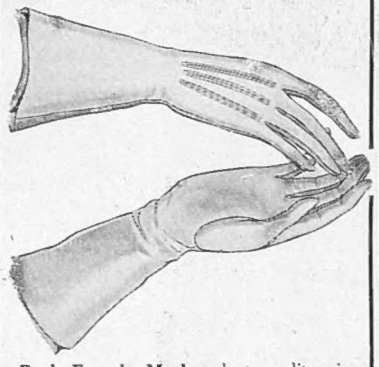
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

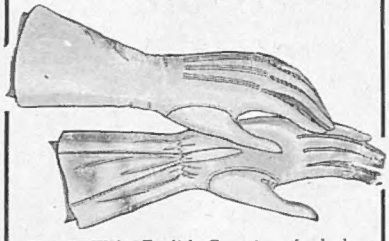
RELIABLE
GLOVES
AT
MODERATE PRICES



Elastic Wrist English Chamois in White or Natural.
PRICES 6/11 and 8/11



Real French Mocha, best quality, in Autumn shades or Black.
PRICE 17/9
Also with Elastic at wrist. PRICE 15/6



Elastic Wrist English Cape, in soft shades of Tan, Beaver or Fawn. Guaranteed washable.
PRICE 14/9

Sac Velbec, lined Himalaya, trimmed Fur, in Grey, Sable, Beaver or Beige.
PRICE 15/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Underwear counts most in the fight against climate

OF the many fabrics worn as underwear, there is none more favoured than Natural Wool. The best defence against the rigours and vagaries of the English Climate is provided by really good wool underwear, which ensures warmth, comfort and a fair chance of avoiding Chills, Colds and Influenza.

A wide selection of men's wool underwear is available at "The Man's Corner" of the Linen Hall, including superfine qualities of our own and other famous brands.

VESTS 22/6, 18/6, 16/6 and 14/6 each.
PANTS (or Drawers) 23/6, 18/6, 16/6 & 14/6 each
ONE PIECE SUITS 29/6 each.

¶ *Illustrated Men's Wear List giving full particulars of Tailoring, Shirts, Collars, Hosiery, etc., post Free on request.*

BY APPOINTMENT

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LIMITED
THE LINEN HALL
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S1—A

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Real Shetland and Fair Isle Knitted Goods

Nothing can compare with the genuine article, hand-knit from native Shetland wool by the clever and highly-skilled islanders. The quality is unique.

Stocked by al. hosiers, drapers and outfitting stores.

Refuse Imitations.

Look for this Trade Mark on every article. ☞
It is the Guarantee of Origin and Quality.

SHETLAND WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
Shetland
HAND KNIT.

RELIABLE SHOES

Patent Suède 1-bar Shoe (*as sketch*).
Price Per Pair 59/6

Smart Tan Willow 1-bar Shoe, military heel. Similar shoe in box calf, grey calf, patent leather.
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Tan Calf 2-bar Shoe, imitation toe-cap, smart low heel, stout sole for walking or golfing.
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Tan Calf, crêpe rubber-soled heel. Golfing or walking shoe. Price Per Pair 20/-

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Wolsey Value is greater now than ever before!

THE health protective value of wool next-the-skin is unequalled. It is your surest safeguard against countless ills. It ensures complete cleanliness and high absorbency and strength. Wool underwear was put to the supreme test during the War. Our soldiers were clad in wool, and throughout unparalleled weather conditions, it maintained the Army's health at an unusually high standard.

Wolsey has always offered the best value obtainable in pure wool underwear. But this year Wolsey value is greater than ever—and the price is lower. Ask your draper or outfitter to show you his Wolsey stocks. There's a garment for every man, woman or child at the price you want to pay.

WOLSEY

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Best the World produces

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Established 1766

BM 35.

NEW EVENING FROCK

in a heavy quality Charmeuse, expressing the charm of youth in its simple slender lines. Very chic are the wide sash tying at back, the soft Grey fur at hem, and the multi-coloured Motif, the latter creating a master touch. Colours: Flame, Green, Fuchsia, Mauve.

Exceptional Value.

59/6

BM 35

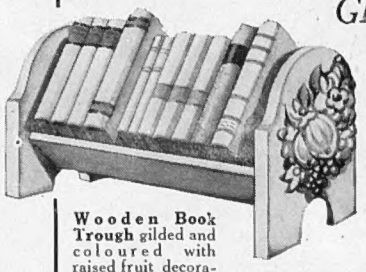
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A visit to our showrooms will reveal a wonderful range of overblouses and frocks, each one being a charming Gift Suggestion.

We pay carriage & C.O.D. fees within the British Isles.

OUR BROCHURES OF LATEST FASHIONS & CHRISTMAS GIFTS will be sent post free on request

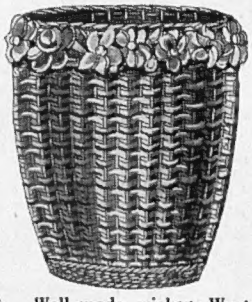
ACCEPTABLE & ORIGINAL GIFTS



Wooden Book Trough gilded and coloured with raised fruit decoration on ends. Price each **49/6**

Black satin and gold brocade pillow-shaped Cushion. Filled down and handsomely trimmed. Also in shot taffetas. Price **49/6**

Rabbit Tea Cosy in two sizes, 15×11 **37/6**, 9×13½ **34/6**



Well-made wicker Waste Paper Basket in black, gold, blue or rose. Exquisitely coloured wreath of very hard-wearing raised floral work. Price each **25/-**

Heavy Brass "Aposties" Hand Bell. Beautifully worked. Price each **12/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Xmas Gifts.

SECRET OF SLIMNESS

Combined Bust Bodice, Corset and Hip Belt—supremely comfortable garment; the bones being detachable it can be washed like ordinary lingerie. Made in good quality tricot, white, pink and blue; may also be had in black, with or without back lacing; 6 detachable suspenders, **32/-**, art silk Milanais, **42/-**. Send bust waist and hip measurements taken easily without corsets. The above are only obtainable from the maker:—

MADAME LEE
The Leading Corsetiere.
CORSETS AND BRASSIERES

Your favourite pattern copied—also corsets cleaned and repaired. Every figure—slender, average or full—is provided for in the new corsetry by

MADAME LEE,
6, Elm Grove, SOUTHSEA
Send for Price List

The day starts well that starts with a

KROPP

A sharp blade and a soothing shave with a Kropp that never wants grinding

In case, black handle, 10 6; Ivory handle 18/-.

From all hairdressers, cutlers, stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit," Booklet No. 107

Wholesale only:
OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

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The Paradise of the Pyrenees (France)

Winter Resort with HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS. Treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Asthma, Neurasthenia. SEASON — all the year round. Beautiful Scenery. Dry Climate. Winter Sunshine. Altitude, 2000ft. Mean Temperature, 46·6 Fahr. English Church and Club. Fishing, Tennis, etc. First-class hotels with inclusive rates.

Illustrated Brochure from

The Manager, Station Thermale, Vernet-les-Bains; and Office Francais du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

HEADACHE

Antikamnia banishes pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism. A-K Tablets are safe. Test for yourself. Send a Post Card for FREE SAMPLE to Dept. K 144, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

Anti-Kamnia

Quick Relief from Pains and Aches.

RIDING GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, certificated instructors, can receive guests and pupils. 30 acre estate in ideal riding country. Modern home, good cooking. Terms, including daily riding, 5 gns. per week. Cottonwoods, Nr. Bodmin.

BUY BRITISH BACON.

Millions sterling being spent annually on Bacon from Abroad! Buy our Prize Medal English. Perfect Quality. Smoked or white dried. Sides 56/65 lbs. average, 1/4½d. per lb. Half sides Shoulder end, 1/4d. lb. Half sides Gammon end, 1/6½ lb. All rail paid.

E. MILES & CO., Bacon Curers, BRISTOL.

Waving at Home

Hindes Hair Wavers

Paris says
PESCHANIKI
this season

This beautiful Peschaniki coat is made from specially chosen skins in the rich dark Mink colour that tones so beautifully with all the beige and chestnut shades that we are wearing this winter. A deep collar of Natural Skunk in the newest shape makes a becoming frame for the face. The coat is generously cut, yet it gives you a slender silhouette. And remember Vickery's specialise in designing and making up fur coats to your own requirements.

Special Price
25 Gns

VICKERY
for fine furs

235 REGENT STREET LONDON W1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

WARM DRESSING GOWNS

Dressing Gown *in the new fancy silk zenana, becomingly trimmed with wide clipped shell pink marabout. Lined Silk throughout. In a few good colours. An ideal Christmas gift.*

Price
8½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Every Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberrys."

THE BURBERRY BOOK
Containing illustrations of models, 27 patterns of materials and prices, post free on mention of "The Bystander."

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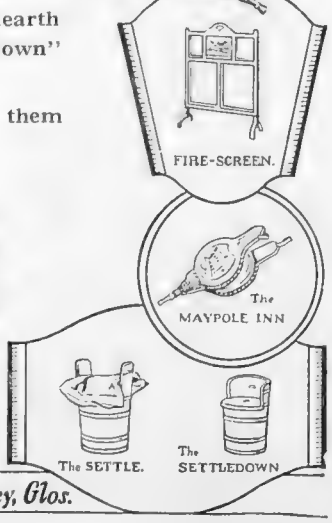

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In many colours, also in black and silver.

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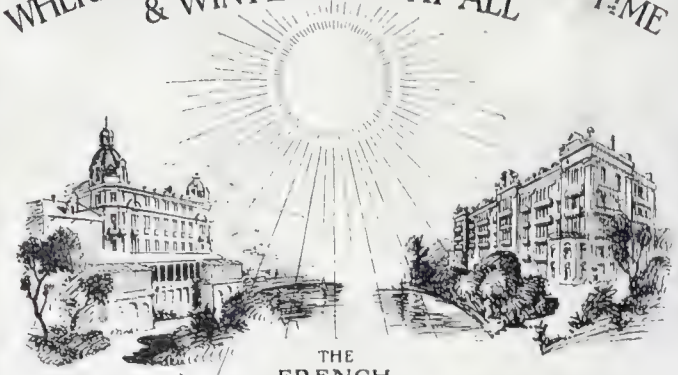

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PYRENEES NO.

The BYSTANDER

Sketched at ST. JEAN DE LUZ by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MORNING REFLECTIONS

Photo I.S.A.

"THE GLAD WATERS OF THE DARK BLUE SEA"

The headland and lighthouse which are landmarks to all visitors to Biarritz seen from a new angle. The photograph was taken from one of the caves near the bathing-place

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Byways of Travel

ONCE again a little party of Bystanders have trekked across Southern Europe, taking Marseilles, Pau, and Biarritz in their stride, and the result of their pilgrimage will be found in the pages which follow. It is an interesting experience to move across the map instead of down the lines that radiate from Paris to every capital of Europe, for you are among the byways instead of upon the highways of Continental travel.

Direct and Speedy

THIS is not to say that you cannot reach Biarritz from Marseilles by a direct and speedy route. Any railway may—would, at once—correct such a silly assumption, but in moving across the radiating lines you are more likely to explore the comparatively unknown and to encounter the comparatively unexpected. As, for instance, when I lost myself in the mountains about Gavarnie—though, as that has nothing to do with the particular matter in hand, we will not pursue it.

The Shadow of the Frontier

WHAT particularly intrigues me about this particular trip is the fact that the latter part of the journey is passed in the shadow of the frontier. There is something tremendously stimulating about a frontier. One does not need to have travelled greatly to know the French, and there is a flourishing Spanish Club in Cavendish Square as there is a Spanish restaurant in Regent Street. But the people you meet between Lourdes and St. Jean de Luz have a character all their own, just as the native of Mentone approximates as nearly to the Italian as he does to the French.

A Style of Its Own

IN the picturesque Basque country this fact becomes more apparent than ever. The architecture, in particular, has a style that is all its own. Even the comfortable Golf Club headquarters settle into the landscape that is like no other landscape in Europe. I won't attempt to describe it, for the artists have given a far better impression of the Basque and his home town than I could ever hope to do.

A Friendly Hint

ONE-WAY traffic and the speeding-up of the "crawling" taxi have not removed London's traffic problem, and I was, therefore, rather surprised to find an advertiser, intent on proving the accessibility of his numerous branches, stating that there is always one "just across the road." I may be more nervous than most pedestrians, but if it is in Piccadilly or the Strand, then "just across the road" is a thousand miles away. I am quite sure that this particular advertiser will not be offended. If he is clever enough to establish a multitude of branches, he will be wise enough to take a friendly hint.

Terra Nova

THE lady shoppers of London must rank among the disciples of Christopher Columbus in these days when several of the big stores are opening up new departments in their magnificent new buildings. Mr. Selfridge is constantly adding cubits to the stature of his Oxford Street store; Barker's

By David Wilson

"THIS FREEDOM"

May it be soon before "Winter Comes"

have just opened new premises in Kensington High Street; while Swan and Edgar's are doing the same thing in Piccadilly Circus. And just as there are sales to mark the pulling down of the old buildings, so there are sales to inaugurate the new. These be great days, my mistresses!

Open Letter to the U——D

GENTLEMEN! I wonder if you could spare the time to tell me how much money you collect annually from those careless passengers who lose their tickets, and who, being charged an excess fare, do not apply to you for a remission of the amount? Since you have been selling strip tickets through your automatic machines I constantly find myself tearing them up as I would a 'bus ticket. This is foolish of me, of course; but, even after I have admitted so much, a sense of grievance still remains. P.S.—Don't advise me to buy a season ticket—I should be sure to leave it at home!

On Taking My Advice

I MUST, however, congratulate the Underground Railway directors on taking my advice—often repeated on this page—as to providing increased accommodation for smokers. They are still reserving carriages for non-smokers, however, and I hope they will do their best to persuade such non-smokers to enter such carriages. My own experience is quite to the contrary. Old ladies who have never smoked a cigarette in their lives always make a wild dash for smoking carriages, and most of us have to stand in consequence.

A Difficult Point

I AM well aware that my suggestion raises a difficult point, and I can only suggest that inspectors should board smoking carriages and demand some tangible proof that the occupants are veritable devotees of the fragrant weed. The Underground people may claim that thirty per cent. is a fair average of non-smokers, but I should consider that the estimate is far in advance of the actual figures. We are nearly all smokers to-day.

At the Tivoli

HOW some of those old music-hall stars would turn in their graves if they could drop into the New Tivoli, to see the chariot race and sea-battle which have been described as "more exciting than a Cup Final" and as "having any horse race beaten to a frazzle." This strange transformation is yet another example of that march of progress about which we shall never agree—some regretting the old order, while others crowd to the newer form of entertainment without one lingering look behind.

On With the Dance

NOW that the "Little Season" has got well into its stride after a few preliminary stumbles thanks to the Coal Strike and its attendant trials and tribulations, things are moving apace. Dances, especially those in the cause of Charity, are looming ahead in large numbers, and those of us who like to lend a helping hand to others will have many opportunities to do so in one of the most enjoyable of ways. The fixture list contains, among others, the big ball which is being held on Friday of this week, November 26, at the Kit-Cat Club. This is in aid of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, of which Mr. Gomer Berry is Chairman, and promises to prove a real success from both the viewpoint of the dancers and the exchequer of this most deserving hospital.

Other Dances

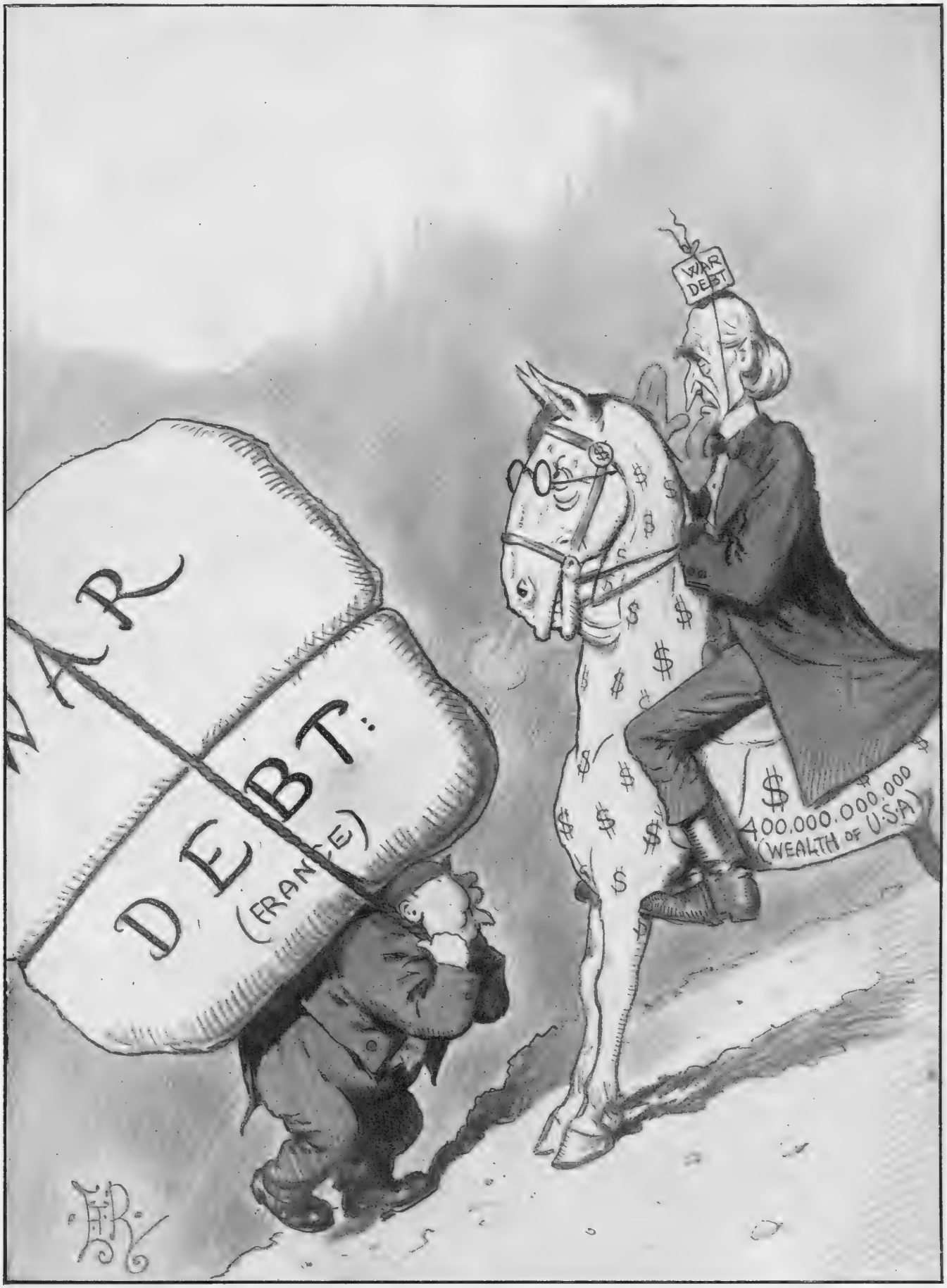
THE Play Actors' Ball, at which almost all the theatrical "stars" showed up, took place at the Hyde Park Hotel on November 23, where all sorts of "lucky number" prizes were presented by Jack Buchanan and Gladys Cooper. On December 1 the All Arts Ball will be set rolling at Princes' Galleries, whilst later in the month the Three Arts Ball, at Covent Garden, and the Charleston Ball and Competition at the Albert Hall, on the 15th, will help to break the spell of monotony—if any.

Our Christmas Number

OUR Christmas Number is now on sale and is designed to put the finishing touch to the year's efforts. You will find that it is different from most Christmas Numbers. The well-known names, however, are all there: Heath Robinson, Bateman, "Blam," McKie, Howard Elcock, and many others on the art side; while among the contributors to the literary pages are Basil Macdonald Hastings and Arthur Mills.

Having drawn your attention to these facts, we will leave them for your information and necessary action, please!

Not Very Noticeable at First!



BY E. T. REED

President Coolidge says that the United States War Debt of nineteen million dollars is a "formidable obstacle to the development of the country's forces"

THE PRINCE AT STREATHAM *Photopress*

The Prince of Wales photographed at the opening of Norwood Grove as a public park. This will provide a new beauty spot for South Londoners

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

L.N.A.

AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS

The Prince of Wales arriving at Luton Station, accompanied by Sir Lionel Halsey and the Mayor of Luton. This is the first official visit of Royalty to Luton for nearly forty-six years

Guests at Sandringham

THE King and Queen's house-party at Sandringham last week, with the exception of Her Majesty's niece, the Duchess of Beaufort, was composed of old friends. The Dowager Countess of Gosford was for many years Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra, both as Princess of Wales and Queen, and her husband, the late Lord Gosford, was Queen Alexandra's Vice-Chamberlain from the time of King Edward's accession until he died four years ago. He carried the Queen Consort's Ivory Rod at King Edward and Queen Alexandra's coronation. Lady Gosford, too, was the daughter of one of King Edward's closest friends, Louise, "double Duchess" of Manchester and Devonshire.

Then the Earl of Sefton—known to his friends as "Obby," a contraction of his Christian name Osbert—was Master of the Horse nineteen years ago, and has twice been the King's host on his great Lancashire estates, the second time this year, when the King went to Abbeystead, near Lancaster, for grouse shooting, after his visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey. Lady Sefton is a cousin of Lord Lascelles.

Lord Elphinstone is the Duchess of York's brother-in-law, and the Queen has frequently stayed with him and Lady Elphinstone at Carberry Tower. Lord and Lady Lovat are old Scottish friends, and General Sir Philip Chetwode is a near relation of Miss Jane Thornewill, whom King Edward once described as the most amusing woman he had ever met, and whose name was nearly always included in the parties asked to meet him when he stayed in country houses. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon likewise is an old friend of the King and Queen.

I. B.

ROYALTY AT TWICKENHAM

The Duke and Duchess of York at the opening of York House, Twickenham, as the municipal offices of the new borough. With them are the ex-King Manoel and the Home Secretary

Manners and Mobbing

I AM not in the least surprised to hear that the Prince of Wales has decided to attend no more charity balls in London after the one he has promised to patronise at Lansdowne House early in January, organised by the Marchioness of Titchfield in aid of the tuberculosis campaign.

You would think that people who can afford to pay two, or even three, guineas for a ticket for a charity ball would know how to behave themselves. But I'm afraid that the trouble arises from the fact that we have now a large number of people with lots of money and no manners.

This type of person, immediately it is announced that the Prince will attend a charity ball, rushes to buy tickets, no matter what the price, and not caring a button about the charity con-

cerned. All they care about is to dance in the same room as the Prince—and talk about it afterwards.

If they went to the ball and danced there would be no complaint. But they don't. They just stand in cohorts and masses, staring at the Prince whilst he dances, staring at him whilst he talks, or else follow him about all over the ballroom. At one ball the Prince and his partner had just about six square feet to dance in. It might have been an exhibition dance at the Embassy or the Kit-Cat.

Bassano

A SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT

Lady Diana King, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace. She is to marry Mr. Alistair Gibb, the eldest son of Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb

On another occasion when the Prince was leaving a charity ball, a way for him to pass had literally to be forced through what one can only call a mob. There is a limit to everybody's patience. The Prince is unsparing in his time and energy in the fulfilment of his public duties. The disgraceful and snobbish scenes of mobbing that have marked his attendance at charity balls are amazing. There is no reason why he should submit to this repeated annoyance, which latterly has grown steadily worse. So, as I have said, I am not surprised to hear that after the Lansdowne House ball in January the Prince will not go to any more charity balls, whether he is president or patron of the charity for which the ball is given or not.

To be jostled, mobbed, stared at by a crowd of well-dressed men and women, to be so hemmed in by them until he can't move, is a poor return for a kind intention. But this is what has happened to the Prince at charity balls over and over again.

A Matter of Religion

THERE has been a prodigious amount of chatter about the annulment by the Vatican of the marriage thirty-one years ago of the Duke of Marlborough and his first wife, then Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. Well, it is only natural.

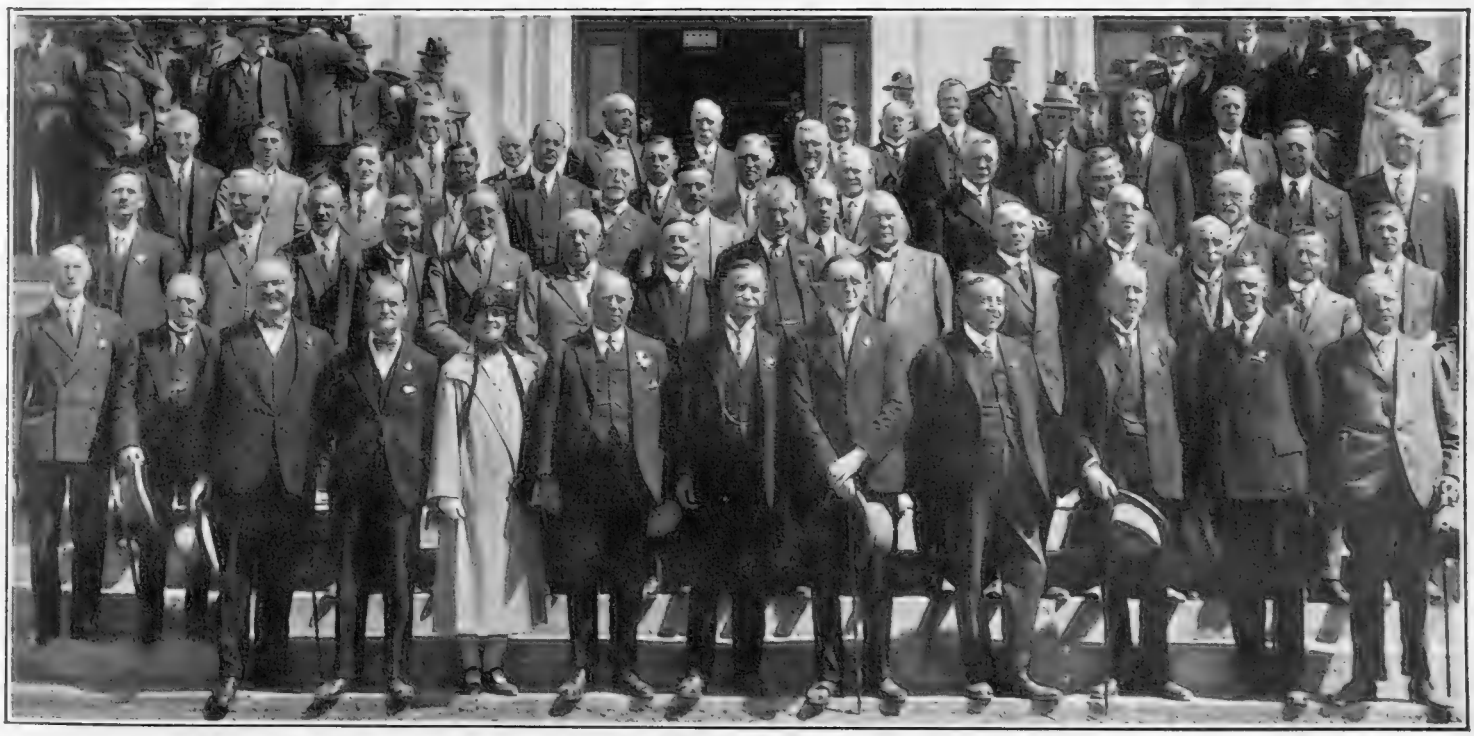
You know your Bystander never touches on matters of religion or politics. Those two things are each individual's own affair—no affair of yours or of mine. But this annulment is a matter of social history, therefore I feel I can talk to you about it. So far as I can gather from all the chatter, the essential point has not been realised.

Let me set out the history, and then I think you will understand the situation. Thirty-one years ago the Duke of Marlborough married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of

Hay Wrightson

OUR DUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE

Lady Dunedin, who will open a grand Christmas Fair in aid of Our Dumb Friends League. The fair will be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Vincent Square, on November 25 and 26



IN NEW SOUTH WALES

Sport and General

The visiting delegates with the Federal and State members photographed on the steps of the new Houses of Parliament, Canberra, New South Wales. Canberra is the future capital of Australia

Ian Smith

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH WITH LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT AND LORD ESKDAILL

Ian Smith

THE HON JEAN AND THE HON. MARJORY SCOTT

Two photographs taken at the opening meet of the Buccleuch. The history of this famous hunt dates from 1827, when the pack was established by Walter 5th Duke of Buccleuch

NEAR SAINT ANDREW'S *Ian Smith*

Captain and Mrs. Low at the opening meet of the Fife. The hunting country of the Fife as now constituted has existed since 1786

the millionaire, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. Their wedding was the apothesis of American millionaire magnificence. One of Mr. Vanderbilt's wedding presents to his daughter was Sunderland House, in Curzon Street, a name given from the Duke's title of Earl of Sunderland. Rumour has it that Mr. Vanderbilt wanted to buy Marlborough House, which had been the home of the Duke's ancestress, Sarah Jennings, the wife of the first Duke, and since that was unbuyable he built the house in Curzon Street and gave it the name of the Duke's earldom of Sunderland.

Two sons were born of the marriage, the Marquess of Blandford and Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill. The years went on—and then all the world knew that the Duke and Duchess were living apart. Sunderland House was given up. The Duchess never went to Blenheim, spending her time between a charming place she had taken in Sussex and in working amongst the poor in South London.

How many years this situation existed I don't recollect, but it was a good many. Then there was an attempt at reconciliation. The Duke visited the Duchess at her Sussex home, but departed after a very brief stay. Since he refused to return to her, and there was evidence of his infidelity, the Duchess was granted a divorce.

Later she married Colonel Balsan, a brilliant French soldier, and the Duke married Miss Gladys Deacon, in her youth one of the loveliest American women who ever came to Europe, and who, oddly enough, had been a bridesmaid at his wedding with his first wife.

The Situation

WELL, the situation seems quite clear, doesn't it? The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are divorced and both marry again, and legally there is no reason why both of them shouldn't have gone on their respective ways. But here religion comes in.

ON THE "GRAND STAND" *Ian Smith*

Lady Stewart Clarke and Lady Linlithgow with Lady Anne Hope and Lady Doreen Hope on the steps of Hopetoun House. The photograph was taken at the opening meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds

OUT WITH THE WHADDON *Farringdon*

The Earl of Orkney and Mrs. Faulconer face the camera at the covert side. The photograph was taken at the meet of the Whaddon Chase at Addington Manor

Madame Balsan, the Duke's first wife, became a Roman Catholic after her marriage to her second husband, who is a member of that faith. The Church of Rome does not recognise divorce. It considers all persons who marry again after being divorced by the law of any country as "living in sin."

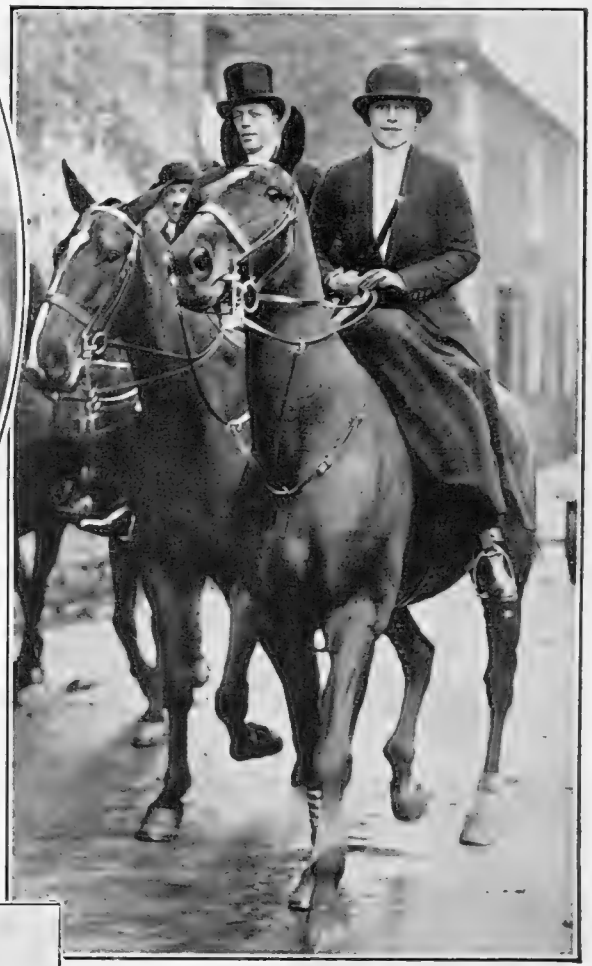
It is said that the Duke of Marlborough contemplates joining the Church of Rome. But although legally married to his second wife he, too, is considered as "living in sin" by that Church, and until that state of "sin" is swept away what is called his "submission" cannot be accepted.

The Appeal to Rome

And here, in the English point of view, comes in the amazing part of this history. Madame Balsan appeals to the Roman Catholic authority at Southwark for the annulment of her marriage to the Duke of Marlborough on the ground that she was not a willing party to the marriage. The question is referred to the Rota, the department at the Vatican which has the final decision in annulments of marriage.

The Rota has found that Madame Balsan did not willingly become the wife of the Duke of Marlborough thirty-one years ago, and on that ground has annulled the marriage.

It certainly is rather startling. But what you and I and all the people in the street have to remember is this: We all respect each other's religious beliefs,



L.N.A.

A DAY WITH THE QUORN

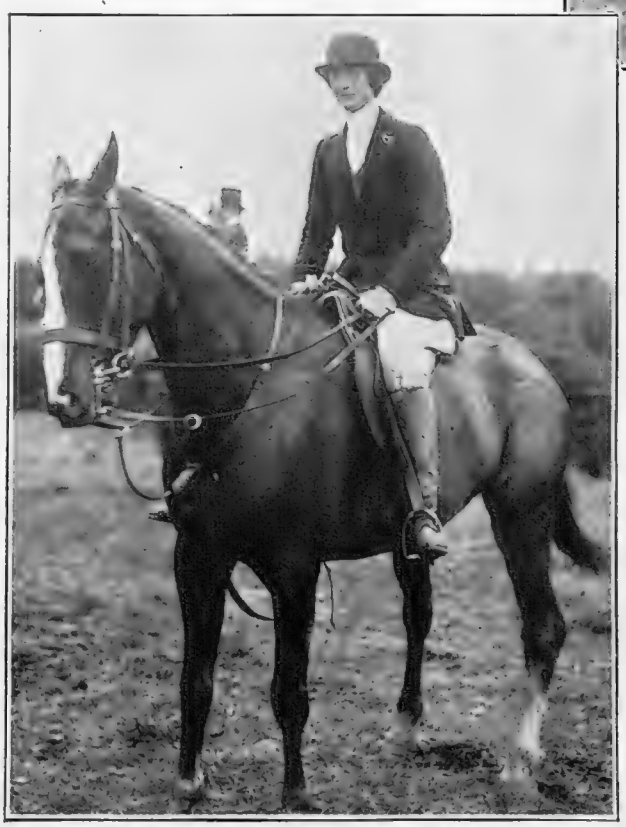
The Duchess of Westminster out with the Quorn at their Wymeswold meet. The meet, which was held in a downpour of rain, was also attended by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York

don't we? Well, now the annulment of the Rota has been pronounced, Colonel and Madame Balsan will have to go through another marriage ceremony. If the Duke of Marlborough joins the Church of Rome he and his Duchess will likewise have to be remarried.

Frankly, to the lay mind it is very bewildering, but it is a matter of religion, and that is all.

The situation is unusual in England, but it happens from time to time on the Continent amongst devout Roman Catholics who do not recognise civil divorce. One notable case was that of the Count and Countess Fleury, a couple well known in London at one time, where they used to come for part of each Season. The lady was born Baroness Deslandes. After twenty-one years of marriage she applied to the Rota for the annulment of her marriage on the ground that she had been coerced into it by her parents. The annulment was granted.

It doesn't follow that every application to the Rota for annulment is granted. The case is tried very much as in a court of law, counsel for and against the applicant being heard, and the decision being given on the evidence produced.



HEAVY GOING *L.N.A.*

Lady Warrender photographed during a check, while out with the Quorn at Wymeswold. She bore ample signs of the muddy state of the country on this day

A SOCIETY WEDDING *Swaine*

Captain Kinglake Tower, of the Royal Fusiliers, and his bride, formerly Miss Louise Sandeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Sandeman, of 28, Princes Gardens. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church

"GETTING MARRIED" *Aitken*

Mr Richard E. A. Elwes with his bride, Miss Freya Sykes, daughter of the late Sir Mark Sykes and Lady Sykes, of Sledmere, Malton, Yorks, leaving Westminster Cathedral after their wedding last week. Mr. Elwes is the son of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes and Lady Winefride Elwes

What An American Thinks

AMERICANS, we know, are extremely sensitive about any criticism of their country or their customs by foreigners; in fact, more sensitive on that point than any other people in the world. You can scarcely pick up any English newspaper without finding some self-belittlement of our own ways or manners. Such a thing is unknown in American newpapers. Over there it is precisely the other way about.

I was immensely surprised, therefore, in glancing through an American magazine to find an article written by an American newly returned from Europe which is a castigation from beginning to end of American ideals and American ways of life.

The first thing that struck him was the "infernal noise." "People in this country," he says, "seem to have come to enjoy noise for its own sake, as negroes beat tom-toms in the African jungle." In London he stayed in an hotel a few hundred feet from Piccadilly and within three minutes' walk of Regent Street, "yet day and night it was as quiet as my country place here in America." He spent seven nights in a New York hotel, and they were "as restful as if I had been trying to sleep in a boiler factory." Americans can choose for themselves which they like out of the three inferences in this sentence:—"This love of noise strikes one on coming home as being among the most symptomatic features of American life to-day. Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane."

The writer likewise has a good deal to say about the "orgy of expenditure" in America, not only amongst all classes in the cities, but all over the country. In his own village "there is not a farmer or mechanic who does not drive a much more expensive car than I do." Another point is "the utter breakdown of law and of protection afforded to the citizen by his Government in America." This is illuminating. He went to see a man in New York who was the lawyer for a large public service corporation.

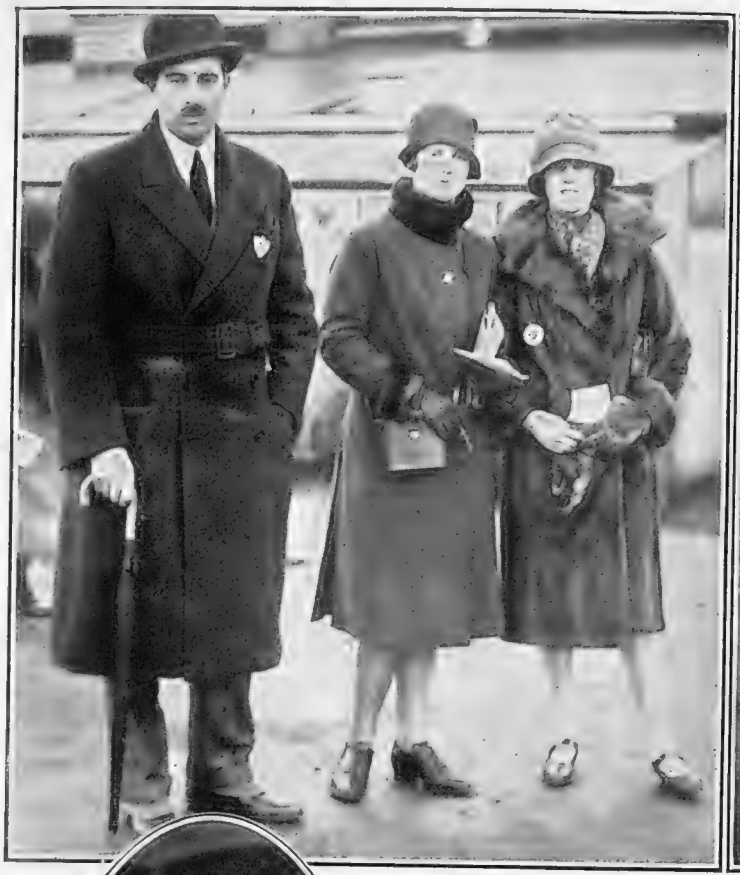
"As we left the door of his building I noticed two armoured cars with the name of his corporation on them. I asked him why, in heaven's name, his company had to have armoured cars and machine-guns and men with revolvers in their hands. His reply was, as though the matter was a mere commonplace, that they had to move considerable sums of money for pay rolls and so on, and that the use of the armament I had noticed was the only safe way to do it."

Royal Society of Portrait Painters

THE exhibitions of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters are always interesting, and this year I found the seven galleries at Burlington House more interesting than usual. To begin with, there are remarkably fine Orpen portraits, notably that of Miss Major, the Principal of Girton, and that of Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, of

A BRIDAL GROUP *Swaine*

The bride and bridegroom with the bridesmaids photographed after the wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Bramley, of Mr. J. C. Calvert, third son of Mr. W. A. and the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, of Ockley Court, Surrey, and Miss Evelyn Joy Savile. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. L. H. Savile, of Wimbledon and Belstone, Devon, and the late Mrs. Savile



Photographs

MAJOR GODLEY, MISS GODLEY and MISS WOOD IN THE PADDOCK

British Illus.

CAPTAIN GORDON LUFF, THE MISSES CRAVEN and MR. DIGBY JONES

'CHASING AT CHELTENHAM

Some of the spectators who braved the November rains at the Cheltenham meeting

Alfieri

LADY SLADE

Topical

MRS. MITCHELL (left), THE HON. MRS. GUY WILSON and SIR FREDERICK ANSTRUTHER

Sport and General

MRS. DEACON and MISS MOLLIE RAMSDEN

Baltimore. The hands in this portrait are subtly suggestive of character.

Two portraits of especial interest hang side by side in one of the rooms—a portrait of Dame Ellen Terry by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson when she was twenty-five and he had not yet gone upon the stage; and a portrait of Sir Johnston himself by Mr. George J. Coates. Sir John Lavery has a portrait of Captain Duff-Cooper, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper's husband, and a very striking one of Dr. Amigo, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

There is a graceful and charming portrait of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke by Mr. P. A. Hay.

A Correction

IN our issue of November 10 a photograph appeared bearing the name of Miss Patricia Annesley. We regret that, at the time of publication, we had not been informed of the fact that she was married to Mr. Nigel Norman early this year.

APERATIFS OUTSIDE THE CASINO CANNES

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

HAVING recovered from a spell of really wet weather at the beginning of the month, which was far more popular with farmers, gardeners, and secretaries of golf clubs than it was with newly arrived visitors, we are now enjoying once again the sunny, warm days to which we feel we are entitled. To see small children in clothes almost, if not quite, as abbreviated as those worn by their mothers, playing happily by the hour on the beach or chasing butterflies along the promenade, while the calendar assures us that December will soon be here, is to realise why the winter months are becoming so tremendously popular on the French Riviera. We are being warned not to be extravagant with the coal and gas, but nobody here seems unduly disturbed about it, although France is now beginning to feel the effects of the prolonged strike in England. With a genial sun in the daytime and a cheerful fire of olive roots in the evening we shall manage to be very happy and comfortable throughout the winter months. No wonder the Blue Train and the other P.L.M. expresses are always full.

AMONG many other visitors now spending their honeymoon on the Côte d'Azur are the Hon. Archibald Cubitt and his bride, who was Lady Irene Pratt, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, and they are staying at the Villa St. Baume at St. Raphael, lent them by the bridegroom's father, Lord Ashcombe. The Marquis and Marquise Persichetti—the latter a niece of His Holiness the Pope—who figured recently in a striking wedding ceremony in Rome, are spending their honeymoon at the Alhambra Palace at Nice, and others in the district include Mr. Robert Eric Gooch, of the Life Guards, eldest son of Sir Thomas and Lady Gooch, of Benacre Hall, Suffolk, and his bride, who is a daughter of Major-General Sir Edward and Lady Chaytor, of Farnham; Major Owen Wynne and his bride, who is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Pirie, of the Château de Varennes, near Dinard; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Power, the former a brilliant young inventor whose aerial target for the training of Royal Air Force pilots during the War saved the country enormous sums of money and a great deal of valuable time. Other wedding trips southward are almost innumerable, and statistics showing the amount of confetti swept up by attendants on the Blue Train would be most instructive if those discreet men could be persuaded to divulge them.

As the date of the professional tennis tournament at the Carlton at Cannes approaches interest is getting keener. The latest news is that Agutter, one of the finest professionals in the U.S.A., and his clever assistant, Paul Heston, are coming over from the West Side Country Club at Forest Hills specially to compete. There will certainly be some thrilling moments with such brilliant players as Albert Burke, Najuch, Rendal, Negro, Koseluh, and the rest of the Riviera stars taking part.

ARMISTICE Day was duly celebrated at each of the Riviera towns, and special services in the British churches were largely attended. The Duke of Connaught, attended by Major Berkeley Levett, Sir Henry Samuelson, the Mayor of Beaulieu, and the chaplain of St. Cyprian's Church, laid a beautiful wreath on the Beaulieu war memorial in the presence of a large crowd. The sale of poppies for Earl Haig's Fund was even more successful than last year, and apparently Cannes will head the list with a contribution far in excess of the previous record, which in itself came second only in France to Paris. This speaks volumes for the energy of Captain R. U. Lambert and his willing helpers, and for the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, who not only gave lavishly but during the day entertained many friends at Les Arcades and collected some thousands of francs from them for the good cause.

MONTE CARLO is rapidly taking on its brightest appearance, although there are many who insist that the real season does not begin until Christmas. The popular restaurants are all ready for a brisk season, and there was a very tempting *menu* at the Knickerbocker for the opening Gala Night, with excellent variety turns by well-known artistes from London and the U.S.A., and plenty of dancing until the small hours. The famous classical concerts have been resumed under the able direction of M. Léon Jehin, and the symphonic concerts are again led by M. César Scotto, who is an institution at Monte Carlo. Lady (Lloyd) Wise is at the Monte Carlo Palace for the winter, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Brereton are at the Villa Camille, Brigadier-General and Mrs. W. J. C. Butler at the Windsor, Mrs. Cameron Churchill (a sister of Lord Wyfold) at the Regina, Sir William and Lady Yarworth Jones at their villa, Mr. Milton Bode as usual at the Hotel de Paris, and Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell at the Metropole.

THE Anglo-American Club, which is so popular a centre at Menton, reopened the other night with an excellent and well-attended bridge-party, and the President, Count R. de Bourbel, and his wife entertained the members to a supper. Another large and interesting gathering took place at the Château de la Vigée, when Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett entertained the members of the International Hydrographic Conference, which has been meeting recently at Monaco, and at which representatives of thirty States turned up. Among the many recent arrivals in the town are Admiral Sir Randolph and Lady Foote, Commander and Mrs. Peel, Lady Sybil Phillips, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby, and Colonel and Mrs. Turner. Mr. George Lee Bready, a New York architect who has been responsible for many of the famous sky-scrapers of that well-known Prohibition centre, has arrived at the Hotel Berkeley-Miramar with Mrs. Bready for the season, and Mr. George Thorpe Wilson and Miss Wilson, of the beautiful Villa Rosmarina, are among the prominent residents who have returned. European royalties have always been plentiful on the Riviera, and we now have at Menton two sons of the late King of Montenegro, Prince Danilo, who has bought the Villa Miramar from Mrs. Frances Saville, and his younger brother, Prince Pierre of Montenegro, who has taken the Villa Victoire for the season and is in residence with the Princess.

THE Anglo-American colony at Hyères continues to grow, and there is considerable animation at the famous golf club and at the Grand Casino. Sir David and Lady Dalrymple, who have been touring Corsica, have now settled here for the winter, and among others in the district are Admiral and Mrs. Charles Napier, who are building a villa. Among the earliest winter visitors to arrive were M. Benes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs for Czecho-Slovakia, and his family.

Rey

THE CHÂTEAU ST. MICHEL

The Duchess of Vendôme's villa at Cannes, where the Duke and Duchess of Brabant are spending part of their honeymoon. Prince Charles of Belgium also visited the château some time ago

A Modern Troubadour

BY HYNES

Our artist's impressions of Nick Lucas who handles the gay guitar to considerable effect. He is at present entertaining the patrons of the Café de Paris every evening

RUGGER REACTIONS

A SPOT OF LEAVE

By "PENDARVES"

You can imagine what the man must feel like who receives this sort of thing amongst his English mail. He is stretched in a deck chair on the verandah of his bungalow, his address for letters and the three and a half weeks old BYSTANDER being "The Phusing Bahama Tin Mine, Badu Garazah, Perak, F.M.S." He is in khaki shirt and trousers, the latter much splashed with a yellowish clay, shoes that were once buckskin but are now a sort of pulpy cardboard, rubber flapping at the toe-ends of each. He has just executed the thirty-seventh mosquito in the hour with a sharp smack of the right palm on his bare left forearm. A trickle of sweat meanders down the centre of his chest—as usual.

And he reads—". . . The Navy side is going to give the Army hell's bells at Twickenham on the 5th March, take it from me, old thing. We have got a pair of halves in Flotsam and Jetsam who will make the soldiery look like 5 cents. We have also got a back in a Snottie, name of Bilge, who sends the ball over the roof of the stand every time he finds touch—topping. Also a couple of wing threes, Wire and Hawser, engineer officers, who, when they don't go through anything, go over it. But what I *really* wanted to tell you about was my last spot of leave, during a refit at Chatham (great place, Chatham; for matelots, the railway runs things they call 'Milk Trains,' which get you on board in time for Divisions, feeling like death on toast but looking like the Angel Gabriel). Hank and I organised a quartette for the Maoris match at Twickenham. You remember my telling you about Hank? Messmate of mine who declined, with easy grace, three proposals of marriage when the Fleet came into Scarborough last summer—sh-urrup!

"Sexes equally divided, *sar var song dire,* but mine was the best—a real fizzer straight off the ice at Ciro's. We lunched at the Embassy, and I can thoroughly recommend their caviare, old boy, since you're so fond of it. Asked my Sweetie if she could endure the thought of marrying an underpaid and overfed sailor before we reached the *Sôle à la reine.* She told me 'twas rude to talk with one's mouth full—but I let that pass, as she was so lovely she took the gleam out of all the cutlery on the table.

"I had on a new brown creation by Adamson and Flockherd—exquisite work of art, jewelled in every buttonhole. This rather took the breeze out of Hank's sheet, in spite of his Navy tie, which my Lovely had the nerve to admire openly and without shame. We chose a very *small* taxi to go down in (didn't the R.N. win the War by stealth and guile?), and we seemed to get there in about a couple of minutes, so miraculous were they. Something very piquante about four in a taxi—one can attack in close formation instead of line ahead. Hank kept station *fairly* well — but came under the stern eye of the owner when he admired her Eton crop (we made 'em take their hats off—you know, 'hearts of oak are our men,' and all that), and was informed it was a shingle!! Hank has no finesse—whereas I . . .

"But about the match. West stand awfully full at Twickenham. A fat parson sitting half on my seat as well as his own when we arrived. Offered with extraordinary stupidity to *move up!* I couldn't murmur insults in his ear because of his cloth. But managed to glance from him to my Sweetie archly like, and whisper 'Play the game, sir.' He seemed to understand—probably some old Rugger Blue—and sat still: excellent results!

"Maoris not much of a team—'Quins knocked their heads off. So would the Light Cruiser Squadron, given a wet day at Devonport. My Pearl-without-Price has a cousin who plays for the Edinburgh Academicals, and was deathly keen on the whole business—including me. Hank and his Fairy Queen began whispering in their casemate towards half-time, and things went extremely well on all decks.

"You don't want a description of the match, old boy, I'm sure. Had it all, no doubt in your weekly *Times.* Fair to middling footer. England seems to have unearthed a goodish back in J. C. Hubbard—pity he's not serving in the *Resplendent,* so as we could settle the *Immaculate's* troubles once and for all.

"The *real* song and dance began *after* the game, when 'night settled o'er the city.' Hank and I wallowed in hot baths at the club, and the Queens came for cocktails. Amazing how superb women look in evening kit after having seen them all day in tweeds. We lapped up a couple of dozen oysters and went to a show. Then we set about it good and hearty at Ciro's, with a bottle of the Boy—and we danced, Fred, old bean, until 2 g.m., maintaining that high standard of Navy efficiency and aplomb. . . ."

"Yes, I expect you did." The weary and homesick reader drops the letter. "Lor', *what* a life! . . . selfish brute, my young brother." He claps his hands. A Chinese servant appears. "Bring me a drink, for God's sake!"

AN IRISH OCCASION *Sport and General*

A fine tackle in the game between Queen's University, Belfast, and Trinity College, Dublin. The game was played at Ormean Belfast, and resulted in a win for T.C.D. by 19 points to 5

Glimpses from Cloudland

TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN

An evening study on the ski-ing slopes at Gstaad as the sun is setting and another day's sport comes to an end

Photographs *A. S. A.*

"A ROBE OF CLOUDS"

A magnificent view of clouds and snow near Gstaad, which is one of the most popular of the smaller Winter Sports centres in the Bernese Oberland. The camera can record the beautiful outlines of the landscape, but the sun's magnificent colouring on clouds and mountains is known only to those who have lived among the snows of Switzerland

The barrets of Carcassonne

The Magic Carpet of the Midi

BY MAXWELL DOUGLAS

Sketches by NICK

MAGIC-CARPET travelling in the old Bagdad days must have been an uncomfortable business. If you do not believe me, try flying on your dining-room carpet from Highgate to Golders Green. But they manage these things better in France. The wizards of the Midi railway have a flying carpet, equally magical and infinitely more comfortable. It is, as it were, a saloon-bodied carpet, with lunch laid on, and from its window you can see a moving film, hundreds of miles long, infinitely varied and diverting. Bring me (the poet demanded) a beaker full of the warm South! The magic carpet of the Midi places that beaker, brimming with sunshine and old romance, at your hand.

Where shall we start? To stand upon the Carpet's landing stage and argue as to the rival merits of our various destinations would place us in danger of never starting at all. Let us (to save argument) start at Cette. The Carpet, which has all the comfort of the best type of train—indeed it *is* the best type of train—moves swiftly out past the salt lagoon of Thau over the sun-swept plain towards Narbonne, where once the Roman *légionnaries* tramped and the theatres and temples of an ancient empire stood up to greet the sun. Past the three-towered fortress of the old Archevêché, we speed along the vine-clad valley of the Aude towards Carcassonne.

What shall we say of Carcassonne? Who is bold or foolish enough to gild refined gold and paint the lily? The romance of old days hangs like a lovely shadow over the whole South, but its home, its abiding-place, is in Carcassonne. Close your eyes but for a moment and there will come to you all the ancient glory of a poet's dream; the song of the troubadour, the flutter of a silken favour flung to a gallant squire, the whisper of a lute beneath a lover's casement, the rustle of a modest kirtle, the clash of knightly steel, nodding plumes and gleaming breast-plates, the clang of the war-horses' hooves in cobbled courtyards. Go to Carcassonne, I say, and Chivalry, Romance, the gilded panoply of the brave days of old—these things will be in the very air you breathe.

But the unforgiving minute of the Present is with us. We must hurry on. Past Castelnaudary, where you may eat a dish of that delectable ragout, *cassoulet*, we fly on to Toulouse, centre of art, learning, coffee and *croissants*. Whenever the Carpet has deposited me at Toulouse, it seems to have been about breakfast-time. I have dashed hungrily out, demanded coffee and rolls and . . . entered Elysium. And all round me I have seen great bunches of purple violets—*violettes de Toulouse*—being put up into little cardboard boxes. So while I revere the ancient city of Tolosa for her industries and her science, I adore her for her delicious morning coffee and the scent of her violets.

"Past the white oxen at the plough"

Where shall we go now? Let us strike south towards the Pyrénées, hurrying along past brown maize-fields and sunny vineyards, past the sunburnt peasant engaged in his never-ending labours, past the white oxen at the plough. On our left loom up the green foothills of the Pyrénées. What lies in those dark mountains—majestic and mysterious—beyond? We can fly up into those mountains. Owners of a magic carpet have little denied to them. Let us take a peep at Font-Romeu, away up on the Cerdan plateau, a place of pretty villas and pine forests and clear, invigorating air. Let us catch a glimpse of Luchon, with its *platanes* and lime trees and its baths, famous since Roman days. Let the Carpet take us over the hills and . . . not so far away to Cauterets, girdled by frowning mountains in a lovely valley, with its waters and its winter sports. There you will find the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre, presided over by M. Meillon, twin brother in hospitality of the M. Meillon of Pau.

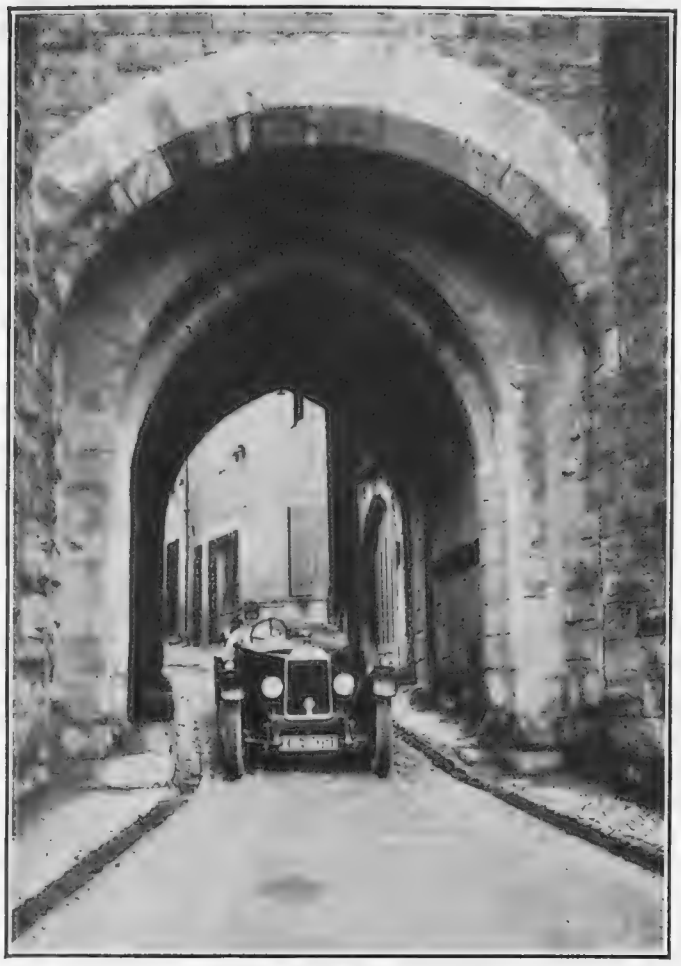
The Grotto at Lourdes

Down we come again to lower ground, through Lourdes, the living proof that miracles do happen, with its slim tower and riverside shrine, and so to terraced Pau, which overlooks the rising Pyrénées from one of the finest viewpoints in Europe.

> The land of the South is a land of smiles,
> Where a laughing sun the heart beguiles;
> Where the vineyard covers a smiling plain,
> Close by the foot of the hills of Spain,
> And the taste of her wines is sweet to the mouth . . .
> Give me the South, give me the South.

And so, having parted with our Carpet on the most amiable of terms, to bed.

The Motor Masters the Pyrenees



THE GATE OF THE CITADEL

The main gateway in the old fortress city of Carcassonne. The picturesque battlements and towers of the city have made it famous throughout the world

THROUGH THE LIVING ROCK

The road which winds its way through the rock gorges of the Frau in the French Pyrenees. Motoring is not devoid of excitement in this district!

Photos *Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Etherton*

ON THE COL DE TOURMALET

A car on this pass, which lies between Luz and Bagnères de Bigorre, and is one of the highest in the Pyrenees. The ascent is along unguarded precipices with nothing between the edge and a drop of hundreds of feet, increasing in proportion as one ascends. The view from the summit embraces many of the highest peaks of the Pyrenees. The pass has the reputation among Pyrenean guides of being the most formidable in the region

Produced November 1, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is an amiable little story of life in a small American township told, very properly, with a pronounced American accent. "Shavings" is the playful name given to an eccentric toy-maker who lives in his untidy shop littered with wood-shavings and crowded with samples of his art. The first thing we know about "Shavings" is that he is very careless about money. His old friend, Capt. Sam Hunniwell, who happens to be president of the local bank, calls to plead with him to put his spare money into some likelier repository than an empty coffee-pot, or an old tobacco-tin. "Shavings" thereupon reluctantly produces dollar bills from all sorts of queer places. He has even used one of the bills to wad up the window of his shop. Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay may, on good authority, be used for so mean a purpose; but to put a real dollar bill in the same category as a mere Roman Emperor naturally gives you a cold feeling internally. I have never been what you would call greedy after money, but I think if "Shavings" came and lived next door to me I could make quite a neighbour of a man like that.

THE idea of the play is to accentuate the not uncommon class of people who are never happy unless they are making some sacrifice for others. "Shavings" has no idea of the value of money, and he does not covet the luxuries that money can buy. He has no one dependent on him, and his work is his only interest in life. He owns the cottage adjoining his shop, but he will not let it because he does not need the revenue that would accrue from it; and he will not live in it because he meets "so many boys" there. That is to say, he meets himself as a child, and then as a boy, and then as a young man, and he does not care for such company. I can sympathise with him entirely. I have often thought if I could meet myself as a youth my first and most obvious duty would be to punch him on the nose.

NATURALLY enough, in America, where the Dollar is the Deity, it must be a little staggering to find a man who cares little for the boodle; but in England the contrast is not so surprising, perhaps because few of us are so rich that we want to howl about it. According to his own account, "Shavings" might have gone to college, but he took to making toys instead in order to support his widowed mother. This very ordinary proceeding is mentioned with such emphasis as to suggest that in America the support of a widowed mother by her son is an action of quite rare merit. One day a little girl comes to the toyshop and wants to buy a two-dollar swordfish for fourteen cents. Consistently enough, "Shavings" supplies

the goods, and gives the child one cent change so that she may buy candy.

THE little girl's mother is Mrs. Armstrong, a young widow. She has heard that "Shavings" has a cottage available, and she comes to ask that she may rent it. "Shavings" at first repeats his determination to keep the place empty; but Mrs. Armstrong is so dainty and so sweet that he cannot refuse so charming a lady. He not only lets the cottage to her, but he asks about one-half of the actual rent of the place. With some landlords such a concession to a young and pretty widow would be regarded as a little equivocal, but, of course, the pious "Shavings" is, like the other chap's wife, above suspicion. The explanation is that, in spite of the fact that he is quite illiterate, while she is a woman of refinement, he has decided to ask her to marry him. His quite mistaken idea is that, as he has made so many sacrifices for others, Fate owes him this concession as a sort of repayment for his lifelong goodness. An incurable optimist like that would probably expect the return of the half a crown he had lent to an impecunious friend in Fleet Street.

BUT, after all, the entertainment does not depend on the rather sugary story that is developed, but on the excellence of the acting. As a play it would probably

have done well in the days of "Our Boys" and "Sweet Lavender"; but nowadays we are more sophisticated, and, as you might say, we take less water with it. The leading part is handled with a pleasant strength by Mr. Harry Beresford, who represents the kindly toymaker with adequate sweetness, though we may be permitted to wonder politely how a man who habitually sells his goods at less than cost price can manage to accumulate dollar bills by the hundred. Perhaps it is a secret of American finance that we have not yet been permitted to learn. There was once a legendary old applewoman in London who lost on every apple she sold, but made her profit by selling her apples in large quantities. Perhaps "Shavings" operates on the same bold financial lines.

Mrs. Armstrong's reason for wishing to rent the secluded cottage is that her dearly loved brother is a convict. He got two years for misappropriating the funds of a bank at which he was employed. His little bit of time being up, he returns home to his sister, who tells "Shavings" that she badly wants to get employment for her brother. "Shavings" knows the very man, namely, and to wit, his dear friend Capt. Hunniwell. In due course the young man is engaged at the bank, and shortly afterwards there comes the sad news that a wad of $400 (four hundred dollars) is missing from the teller's desk. We can, of course, point a finger at the obvious thief with the comfortable certitude of a man who has had his tip straight from the horse's mouth. "Shavings" is so positive about it that he hurries to scrape together from his friends the deficit in question with the view of helping the brother of the girl he loves. It happens, however, that further search reveals the happy fact that the money is not missing at all; but the incident just goes to show how frightfully good and kind "Shavings" can be when he has got his heart in the job.

Two of the leading comedians of the play are Mr. Ferris Hartman and Mr. Brember Wills as Capt. Hunniwell and Mr. Babbitt respectively. There has been a feud between the Hunniwells and the Babbitts for twenty years, so that it is only natural that Babbitt's son should fall in love with Hunniwell's daughter. The rich emphasis with which the two fathers snarl at each other during the three acts is a fine piece of comicality. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn makes a great deal of the small part of Gabriel Bearse, who is appropriately enough called "Gab" for short, as he is the very efficient local gossip. The surprise of the evening is to see a distinguished actor of the calibre of Mr. Milton Rosmer with little more than a walking-on part. Miss Jessie Winter has not much to do except to look charming, which is an easy enough job for her; while a clever little actress, Sheila Maloney, takes the part of a talkative girl with an eloquent doll quite perfectly. The play is acted with distinction throughout, but from a business point of view the production seems to me to be a rather hazardous venture.

JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

A TELLING POINT

Brember Wills as Phineas Babbitt (right) lays down the law to Maude Hunniwell (Joan Clement Scott) and Leander Babbitt (Ian Swinley). Captain Sam Hunniwell (Ferris Hartman) meanwhile regards his daughter with no friendly eye

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE old-fashioned prairie oysters are once again in favour at night clubs as a pick-me-up. One head waiter we know, who is fond of the classics, says they are sops to sober us.

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN Dean is not really gloomy, says a contemporary. We have long thought that his motto is, "St. Paul's for Merrie Ingeland!"

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what we consider the finest *vers libre* line in English literature. Can you beat: "Osbert, Edith and Sachev-erell"?

. . . . . .

"I THINK Joyce is a complete egoist."

"Yes; she is certainly always making 'I's.'"

. . . . . .

BOOKMAKERS are generally regretting their recent boycott of the betting tax. They are, in fact, sorry for their sins of commission.

. . . . . .

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is certainly severe in his attitude towards English music. As our American cousins would say, Beecham-spills a mouthful!

. . . . . .

MOREOVER, we have still some fine conductors. Sir Hamilton is still Harty; Sir Henry Wood always do the needful; and many a country would like to Landon Ronald.

. . . . . .

FIRST CASINO VISITOR: "The temperature here is stifling."

SECOND DITTO: "Be thankful it isn't at zero!"

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S SOB:—Coal prices will only start to come down when we get rid of the diddlemen.

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(SIR ALFRED BUTT.)

When you essay with much aplomb
To stage a money-spinning play,
We wish you would not choose one from
The U.S.A.!

. . . . . .

COFFEE is now grown at Kew. There are ample grounds there for its cultivation.

. . . . . .

ON every side we hear that the Lord Mayor is a thorough sportsman. That is, as Mr. A. A. Milne once wrote, "The Truth About Blades."

. . . . . .

BOOKMAKERS are said to be the most honest of all traders. Each one of 'em is certainly a total lies hater.

. . . . . .

"Do you find," she asked of an Anglo-Indian, "the temperature in the Hills varies much from that in the Plains?"

"It's different," he replied—"only Simla."

. . . . . .

"HELLO, Jones, you're always on the links nowadays."

"Yes; and if I can't manage to put in a week at the office soon, I believe I shall have a breakdown!"

SPEEDING UP

AMERICAN prohibition agents have been warned to be more zealous.

Hip-hip-hip pocket! used to be
The slogan of the bold Yankee,
But now he must look out, or he
Will find he's badly hipped.

No more at night clubs must he quaff,
And e'en the mildest whisky-cough
Will mean the P'lice will march him off—
One "nip," and he'll be nipped!

The fellow who at dances mops
His beer must watch those cunning "cops,"
Who're paid to raid all shilling "hops"—
There's trouble "brewing" there!

And damsels who would like to cry
Will find it cheaper not to try,
For even eyes must now be "dry";
Wet blankets now beware!

And soon I hear there'll be a new
Embargo in Chicago, too,
Whenever skies are bright and blue,
And sunny sunbeams shine:

If citizens abroad should stray,
The Bobby on his beat will say,
"Go back; you can't come out to-day,
Because the air's like wine!"

. . . . . .

HEARD in the Tube: "Look at those two brutes of men, Gladys, making us stand."

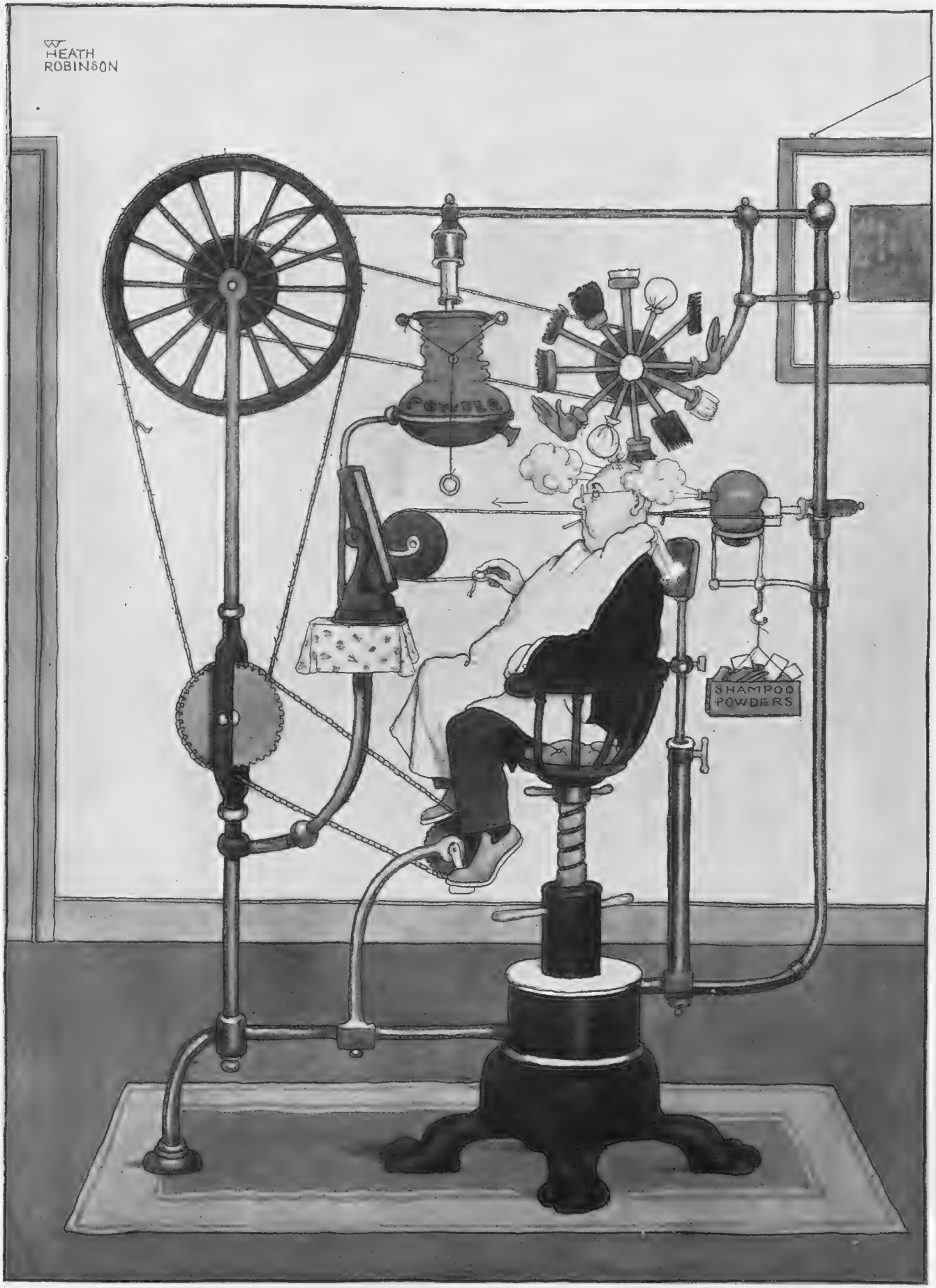
"Madam," retorted one of the ungallant males, "*You* want the best seats: we have them!"

By STAN TERRY

THE RIGHT COMPLEXION ON IT!

LADY OF UNCERTAIN AGE: "Do you sell anything to restore the complexion?"
TACTFUL CHEMIST: "Restore! You mean *preserve*, madam!"

Hair Raising!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE SHAMPOO CHAIR

A new invention for the convenience of those who prefer to do their own dry shampooing to entrusting their scalps to the tender mercies of the hairdresser

"The Day is Aye Fair"

Sasha

FRANCES DAY

A bright, particular "star" of cabaret who has won great success in the Land of Stars—and Stripes. She is appearing in "What," the latest dinner and supper show at the New Princes

THE BASQUES AND MR. BUNNING

By A. A. THOMSON

"Past the slow-moving carts drawn by patient-eyed oxen"

My friend Bunning is the most unimpressionable man on earth. They say that travel broadens the mind, but Bunning's mind is gloriously travel-proof. He could survey the world's wonders, from the Taj Mahal to the Grand Cañon, without noticing anything outstanding, except that it was difficult to obtain bottled beer in Baluchistan or prawns in Prague. If he were to arrive suddenly at the pearly gates, he would merely compare it (to its disadvantage) with the front door of his flat.

So when I took him for a winter holiday to the *Côte Basque* I was prepared for a certain lack of enthusiasm. We took up our headquarters at St. Jean de Luz.

"Will these foreigners be able to boil an egg, do you think?" asked Bunning anxiously. I laughingly assured him that the *cuisine* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre was considered among the best in Europe. I took him out and showed him the enchanting little horseshoe bay where a sea of blue and silver frolicked on a golden shore. The Mediterranean blue is a blue of June, burnished and dazzling, but the Basque blue is a blue of April or early May—merry, dancing, wistful for a moment, and then laughing again. I showed him the promenade where Edward the Peacemaker once walked, and the Basque villas with their great beams painted in deep blue, and the low green cliffs that swept down to the yellow sands.

"It looks," I said, "as if the sunniest corner of the Cornish coast had been lifted bodily and replanted. I know a cove in Cornwall——"

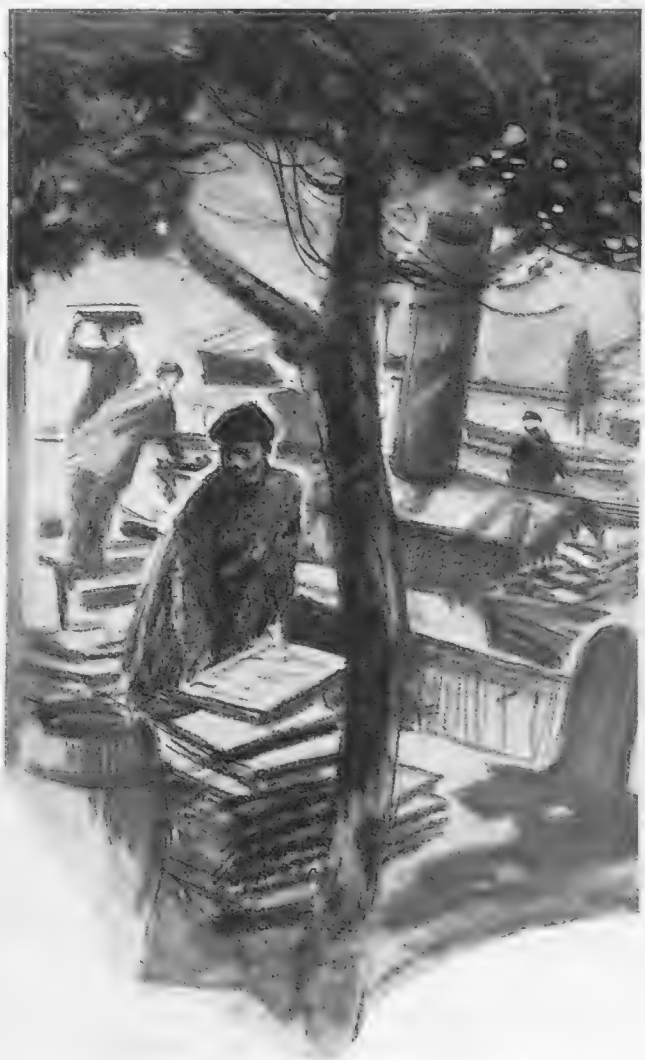
"And I know a cove in Cornwall," interrupted Bunning, "whose wife makes the most gorgeous Cornish pasties. There's minced beef and carrots and——"

"Oh, blow your pasties!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Come along."

I led him through the winding streets of the old town, over the bridge past the slow-moving carts drawn by patient-eyed oxen, towards the ancient harbour of Ciboure, where the sardine boats, daintily outlined in blue and white, were riding in. We saw basket upon basket of gleaming silver fish swung out on to the quay, and out upon the distant rocks we descried little figures in vivid blue and red searching for shellfish. Sturdy fisherfolk passed and repassed us—splendid types with black hair curling up under their *bérets*, the bronzed faces weather-beaten by the gales of the Bay, and their muscles hardened by their national game, *pelota*. There was colour everywhere—the blue and white of the boats, the gay woodwork of the old Basque houses, the bricky red of the fishermen's smocks, and, above all, a mother-o'-pearl sky.

"Sardines, aren't they?" murmured Bunning plaintively. "Don't like sardines. I remember once buying a tin in Baghdad that——"

I bundled him incontinently into a cab. Ten minutes later we drew up at the famous clubhouse of the Nivelle golf-course, a perfect Basque *châlet*, gleaming red



"Basket upon basket of gleaming silver fish"

"Its verandahed courtyard with its polished dancing-floor."

and white in the sunlight. Bunning played his round along the delightfully sporting course in grim silence, whilst I gave myself up unashamedly to the beauty of mountain, sea, and lovely valley.

"Picture," I said, as, the round over, we took our *apéritif* in the cool trellissed arbour in front of the clubhouse, "the view from up there: the dim, mysterious outline of the Rhune beyond, the laughing blue of the sea ahead, and in between the green slopes of the smiling valley where the gleaming river goes winding by."

"And picture me," growled Bunning, "missing a short putt at the seventh."

After lunch I piloted him aboard one of the big yellow trams that go rumbling along the green cliffs towards Hendaye. Past Socoa we went, with the purple hills of Spain in front and the long surf-washed reefs of the shore on our right. At Haicabia we descended . . . into fairyland, a fairy palace built on the shores of a fairy cove. Everything about it was *le vrai Basque*—its pottery, its furniture, its curtains designed in gaily-hued squares, its verandahed courtyard with its polished dancing-floor, its great hall with massive oak beams, and a great kitchener and mighty fireplace with carved Basque motto: *Ongvietlhorri* (Be Welcome).

"Isn't it time for tea?" asked Bunning.

A car took us up the winding road to another famous golf-course, where the first tee nestles under the shadow of the Château d'Abbadia. A dream-panorama rolled itself out in front of us, with the hills beyond fading into purple cloud, and the dipping valley below.

"The first tee nestles under the shadow of the Château d'Abbadia."

"I could hit a ball from here straight into Spain," I proclaimed raptly.

"Not you," said Bunning. "You'd miss it, the same as I missed that putt."

Twisting and turning, the car took us down to the sea, past those gaunt twin rocks, Les Jumeaux, along the charmed front of Hendaye, where the tamarisk leaves trembled in the soft wind from the sea. Sleeping under the hillside lay the fabled town of Fontarabie, drenched in the romance of old castles in Spain. We dined at the Hôtel Eskualduna.

And as the yellow tram clanged home, with gleams of a silver sea appearing and vanishing on our left, I made a little song:—

It is the poet's pleasant task
To sing the beauties that are Basque;
Of valley'd nooks and sunny places
And upright men with sun-burned faces;
Of smiling vale and gleaming river
And tamarisk blooms that sway and shiver;
Of curving bay and silver sea
And fisherfolk upon the quay;
Of cloud-kissed hills in distant Spain;
Of oxen pulling home the wain.
So sing I, as I watch them pull,
Of all things Basque and beautiful.

"Yes," said Bunning, as we got out, "they're foreigners, perhaps, but they're a progressive nation. Look how they've picked up the London fashion of the *béret*. It suits them, too. I've a good mind to go and buy one myself!"

A. A. T.

"Bull Baiting" at a Basque Fête

Every year the town of St. Jean de Luz holds a three-day fête in honour of its patron saint, St. John. [illegible] in which the gaily clad revellers violently attack a "pantomime" bull well and truly filled with [illegible]

PINK COATS BY TH

Biarritz has its own pack of foxhounds, which hunts the surrounding country regularly during the season under an English Mas
Napoleon III as a palace

HE BLUE ATLANTIC

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ter. In the above picture our artist shows the meet moving off for a day's sport from the Hôtel du Palais, which was built by for the Empress Eugénie.

GOLF ON THE FRONTIER

An impression of one of the greens on the golf course at Hendaye, where the purple-tinged mountains of Spain provide the most picturesque of backgrounds. The course, which was planned by the well-known golf course designer, Mr. H. S. Colt, is really excellent

A GLIMPSE OF SPAIN BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A general view of San Sebastian, the popular Spanish resort which lies a few miles from the French border. The artist has included some local types and one found where *le monde* enjoys itself

TWO MINUTES AT BIARRITZ

by T. A. ALEXANDER *Illustrated by* BERT WILSON

"Turning, I walked along an avenue of breeze-fluttered tamarisks"

AFTER we had had lunch—and a very wonderful lunch, too—in the Rotunda of the Hôtel du Palais Jill informed me that she would have to slip into a shop for a moment.

"And shall I have to stand like a coot outside?" I demanded.

"The cootfulness of your appearance is your own affair," laughed Jill, "but wouldn't you like to look round? I shan't be two seconds."

"Do you think I could get a fair all-round impression of Biarritz in two seconds?"

"Well, say two minutes, then," replied Jill. "I shan't be longer than that. I'll meet you on the front."

And she disappeared into the milliner's.

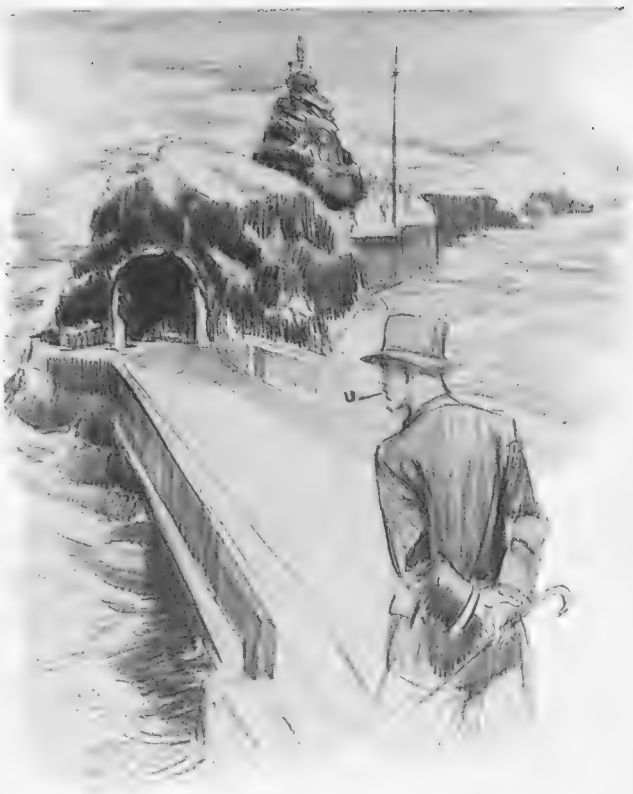
Two minutes! I wandered down past the Casino towards the Grande Plage. It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon, but a strong wind was beating up from the sea, and the waves were breaking in a spume of feathery white. Away to the right above the green promontory rose the white pillar of the sentinel lighthouse; before me the curving bay and the beach, gay with striped bathing-tents, and upon my left the high Rocher de Basta, terraced and green with shady trees. Turning, I walked along an avenue of breeze-fluttered tamarisks, looking down upon the quaint jigsaw puzzle of the Port des Pécheurs below. Idly I wondered how the boats got in and if any of them were clever enough to get out again. Through an echoing tunnel I sauntered, coming out by the nobly simple Monument aux Morts and walking over the white bridge that leads to the Virgin's Rock. There, passing through the hewn archway, I looked back again on the broad sweep of the lovely bay. I saw my upright acquaintance the lighthouse, and the outline of the Palais, a study in red and grey, while out beyond the beach the white sea-horses, tossing their manes, came galloping in towards the shore. Turning again, I skirted the wonderful little nook of the Port Vieux, where the verandahs of gay pavilions flank a sunny, secluded cove; where the breakers cease from troubling and the bathers are at rest. Up from the sea I came and made my way into the Place de la Liberté once more. There was no sign of Jill. I walked into the Casino, lost twenty-five francs at the *boule* table like a gentleman, and walked out.

A second time I began my pilgrimage. It was a continual greeting of old friends—the lighthouse, the great iron gates of the Palais where once an emperor's carriage drove, the *plage* where the gay crowds were beginning to thin, the green Basta Rock, the queer little harbour, the tamarisks, the white figure of the Virgin above the foam-swept rock. I had tea and *petit-fours* at a pleasant little *café* in the Place Bellevue, keeping my eye on the sea all the time, in case anything happened to it. I lost another twenty-five francs at the Casino, still (I hope) like a gentleman. When I reached for the third time the narrow bridge that leads to the Rocher de la Vierge the sun was declining. In all my peregrinations I had caught no glimpse of Jill. She had disappeared as

"Looking down upon the quaint jig-saw puzzle of Port des Pécheurs"

utterly as if she had fallen into the Bay of Biscay.

The sun went slowly down. Sometimes a shaft of golden light shot, spear-like, through the great banks of purple cloud. I looked back upon beach and town usually so bright and gay, but at this sunset hour haunted by a shadow of moving sadness — haunted, maybe, by the sad spirit of that tragic, lovely queen who once made this shore her home. In a glory of gold and royal purple the sun went down. Below me the sea ran fiercely in, streaked in every shade from violet and indigo to angry jade, breaking upon the rocks in a thundering spray, and above me rose the figure of the Virgin, calm and serene, to whom the storm-tossed mariner might pray far out at sea.



"Walking over the white bridge that leads to the Virgin's Rock"

To the south, beyond the sharp outline of the Château Basque, that looked like the turreted keep of some Byronic romance, across the grey rocks and the heaving sea, rose in the fading light the purple hills of Spain, the mysterious Rhune, and that illusive never-never-land where a cloud of gold and purple floated over the tip of the hill of Three Crowns.

"Castles in Spain," I mused.

"On the purple hills there are castles in Spain
Where a spear of sunlight pierces the rain;
Golden enchantment is there, I ween,
But oh, the foam and the rocks between . . . .
The sounding sea sighs a sad refrain
Of castles in Spain, castles in Spain . . . . "

"Have I been long?" asked a cheerful voice at my side.

"Jill!" I exclaimed. "My hat! Where have you been?"

"No, *my* hat!" she laughed. "I've been choosing one. Perhaps it took a little longer . . ."

"Excuse me," I said solemnly. "Will you wait here? I won't be two minutes."

"Why, where are you going?"

"I'm going to slip up to Paris," I retorted, "to get my hair cut!"

T. A. A.

'HOME FROM THE SEA"

A. S. A.

The harbour at St. Jean de Luz, where the picturesque blue and white fishing boats bring in their catches from the sardine fisheries. On the far side can be seen the village of Ciboure

A "Three Star" Brand from the Theatrical Constellation

Lenare

"RESTING"—BUT NOT PROFESSIONALLY

Dorothy Batley, who is playing the part of "The Shingled Lady" in "Escape," the new Galsworthy play which recently passed the hundredth performance mark at the Ambassadors Theatre. Miss Batley made her London début with Ivor Novello in "The Rat"

Photos

"ON THE HANDS—UP"

Laurie de Vine adopts an attitude which would put even the most efficient physical training instructor to the test. This clever grotesque dancer is achieving a great success at Ciro's

Chaloner and Macnamara

"BALANCE CARRIED FORWARD"

Sheila Dexter, the clever dancer who is appearing in some striking speciality dances at Frascati's Restaurant. She scored her first West End success in "Turned Up," the bright musical show which was at the New Oxford

November Sport in the Hunting

Photographs

CAPTAIN DRURY-LOWE and LORD PETERSHAM, M.F.H.

Some of those present at the opening meet of the Earl of Harrington's Foxhounds.

Alfieri

MRS. BARBER (left) and LADY PETERSHAM

It took place at Locko Park, Derby, the residence of Captain Drury-Lowe

Sport and General

WITH THE HOUNDS IN SCOTLAND

The Marchioness of Linlithgow at the meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire at Hopetoun House, the Marquess's Linlithgowshire seat. With her are her daughters, Lady Doreen, Lady Anne and Lady Joan Hope

G. W. Day

A BORDER MEET

Captain Allenby having a chat with the Master, Mr. M. S. Thomson, at a recent meet of the Berwickshire. This was held at Swinton House

Field Portrayed by the Camera

MISS LAYCOCK

LORD STANLEY and COLONEL ASHTON

THE BELVOIR IN ACTION
Three photographs taken at the recent meet of the Belvoir at Strathern, in Rutlandshire

Photographs

WITH THE QUORN
Mrs. Robert Strawbridge out with the Quorn. The photograph was taken at the meet recently held at Beeby, in Leicestershire

L.N.A.

WATCHING THE RUN
Miss Suzanne Roberts (left) and Miss Kathleen O'Brien, two interested onlookers of the run

Sketches by LEO CHENEY

THERE was considerable excitement in Mars recently. It seems that the world was going to be nearer to Mars than it had been for a very long time, and all good Martians polished telescopes and adjusted spectroscopes to see if they could find out anything new about it.

"Is the World inhabited?" asked the *Mars Magnet*, a newspaper with a daily circulation of ten millions and no insurance coupon. The reason why there is no insurance coupon is that the men of Mars have a way of not dying till they are three or four hundred years old, the planet not yet having been blessed by chars-à-bancs and medical experts on diet.

"Effort to Pierce Earth Secrets," said the last issue of *The Canal Dweller* to reach this country. It is felt that some extracts from these and other Martian newspapers cannot fail to be of interest to the inhabitants of the World.

Let us hear the Special Commissioner of the *Magnet* first:

"The World rose about 7 o'clock yesterday evening, and was visible all night. I examined the old place through the first telescope magnifying two million times, and it can be imagined with what a thrill of astonishment that I discovered the World to be inhabited by a species of sparrow and rabbit. Whereas in Mars all animal and bird life retires to rest at sun-down, in the World the rodents and the birds come out to play at dusk.

"It is impossible, of course, to say if they converse with each other, but prolonged study of their habits persuaded me that they are quite unintelligent and would scarcely hold their own with the garden worms of Mars. Thus they leave their warrens or nests or boxes at dark time and prowl in couples to other living places. Into these they disappear, wait a while, expose themselves once more to the atmosphere, and pass on to other styes or coops.

"Sometimes they do not walk, but appear to be carried. The carriers are probably large animals even lower in type than the World-folk themselves. Necessarily there will be great speculation as to what these rodents and birds do in the different pens they visit in the dark. It is possible that they assemble to eat or for entertainment because there is much blaze of light, resembling the electricity used by us seven hundred years ago. Whatever the object may be, the visiting of burrows is the chief occupation of all from 7 p.m. to the early hours of the morning.

"Two World-folk whom I kept under observation, one a fat black rabbit with a white patch in front and the other a pinkish bird with very long pink legs, visited, while I tracked them, no less than five domiciles of varying type. In the first they stopped an hour, remounted their dromedary (I call it that for want of a better name), passed to another place like a tabernacle where they stopped for two hours, climbed once more upon their faithful dromedary, and were taken to an obscure hole which, jocosely enough, I suggest might be a sort of World-animals' Night Club. Here they remained another two hours and visited one more rookery or covert before finally going to ground."

"A fat black rabbit with a white patch"

The Canal Dweller seems to have had an even more powerful telescope than the *Magnet*.

"Last night I examined the worst-lit planet in the heavens. I used for the first time a telescope magnifying three million times, and am able to tell the Martians once and for all that there is nothing remotely resembling themselves in this long over-rated object.

Ladies Prefer Lavender

FOR generations the woman of fashion has loved it as a Perfume, and cherished the beauty of its clean, fresh fragrance. When tired and headachy, a little applied to the temples, or a few drops in the handbasin or bath, is luxuriously refreshing and reinvigorating. In the sick-room it is indispensable.

Price per bottle from 3/-

YARDLEY'S old English LAVENDER

The Yardley Lavender Perfumery also includes :—

Lavender Soap (the Luxury Soap of the World) 3 in box	*3/-*
Face Powder	*2/6*
Face Cream	*1/6*
Talcum Powder	*1/2*
Bath Salt Tablets, 6 in box	*1/6*
Compressed Lavender Blossoms, 6 in box	*3/-*
Gift Cases from	*5/-*

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores, and from

YARDLEY

8 New Bond St. LONDON

PARIS : 24 Avenue de l'Opéra

"The World undoubtedly contains life. Vast stretches reveal no sign of movement, but in certain congested spots, probably where food is to be obtained freely, creatures like snakes and fish travel along the twisting creeks. These creatures are tireless, as they go food-hunting in the dark, but can easily see their prey because they are fitted as to the head with twin gleams such as are to be seen on our own glow-worms. Sometimes these light-headed monsters war with each other, probably disputing over a piece of offal, and then what happens is that they both die. They lie inert with their lights extinguished, and minor vermin tackle their carcases, pulling and tugging them away to some storehouse where presumably they may be kept for food."

A picture paper reproduced something that looks like a piece of Roquefort cheese and engaged the Martian Astronomer-Royal to give his views about it:—

"The remarkable photograph secured by the enterprise of the *Daily Movie* is the first ever taken of the World's surface by a telescopic camera magnifying four million times. While there is much to interest us, it must be remarked at once that the picture makes it clear that the World cannot be inhabited by intelligent beings. There is life, but not intellectual life, for the creatures herd together and have not the common sense to distribute themselves evenly over their vast territory.

"The photographer shows a number of encampments, if I may so call them, on the earth's crust. It is extremely unlikely that these are the result of design, as they are all placed in spots where no thinking being would choose to live. Probably these are natural eyries where the World-creatures are born, mate and die.

"What are these World-ants like? The male has much the look of a lobster standing on his tail, and what is presumed to be the female resembles a stork without a beak. Of course, it must be remembered that we look at them from an angle of 23 degrees, and it may well be that they present quite a different appearance when met on the level. I watched one last night through a telescope magnifying five million times. He stood alone, occasionally waving his feelers. What was he? A stockbroker? Other observers disagreed with me about the movement of this object, and gave it as their opinion that I was scrutinising a Cathedral."

The *Martian Daily Startler* had a telescope magnifying ten million times, and that, as you will see, was sufficient.

"Last night I looked upon the World as it is. Would indeed that I had not. Would that no such telescope had ever been invented. Would that it fell to a pen other than mine to unfold the truth.

"Fellow Martians, the rumour that Martin Harvey was never going to revive *The Only Way* is untrue. There is the usual coal strike. The Marquis of Dumpth is one of the recent visitors to Bath. All the motors at the Motor Show suddenly started to go and massacred everybody connected with the trade. Mr. Shaw had an egg for his tea. Rachmaninoff's Prelude is going to be played on the wireless. Mr. Garvin is floating an asterisk company. Somebody has picked perfect raspberries in November. He deserved it—I mean them. The kinema having designs on the Queen's Hall, the Government is going to abolish and prohibit the kinema. Gene Tunney was persuaded to read John Drinkwater and now wishes to meet him. Mr. Frankau wishes to become an American. America wishes to become British. There is nothing new about Mr. Arlen and Mlle Lenglen. The League of Nations wants to change the name of our planet. The World, therefore, is as it was, as it will be for ever and ever, World without Mars, Amen."

B. M. H.

HORSE SENSE

By Jack Gordge

Wife: "What's the use of trying to keep the place tidy? Before you came in there was a towel on that horse, and now it has gone!"

Husband: "Before I came in my *shirt* was on a horse, and that's gone, too!"

HEARD AT THE CLUB

"But - - I didn't ask for anything, George."

"Not in words, sir; but you looked that tired and done up, I guessed you'd be wanting a Worthington."

"George, you're a genius!"

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"The westest part of West Kensington"

LONDON, *November 22.*

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, I don't know why it is and how, but it's happened, it's arrived certain sure and without any possible doubt whatever—as they say in one of those Gilbert and Sullivan operas that I'm *rather* surprised and astonished to see a peer or someone's been frankly admitting he's distinctly bored with. I mean, come to be a sort of cult, hasn't it? this G. and S. tradition, with audiences simply flocking in like the very best sheep, and quite praiseworthy players getting almost too haughty, so to speak, to grant *encores*, etcet., etcet. And *some* bold iconoclast, what, who actually dares to say a word against one of England's idols that's almost as sacred a British institution as Miss Etheline Dull's novels or the jokes in our now non-alcoholic *Punch* — whatever we may secretly whisper *entre nous* in the absence of the Great British Pub. . . .

BUT that's *en passant* and by the way. Institution actually referred and alluded to in regard to above-mentioned arrival being the well-known Christmas-is-coming feeling or Spirit of Spending (*plus*, of course, peace and good will and all that sort of thing). And very nice, too, I think, don't you? Helps simply tremendously, methinks, for one thing, to push things along and keep us going all through these dark November days, when you have to switch on the lights before tea-time, and even, p'r'aps, at breakfast now and then, and there's fogs and things always lying in wait for the unwary.

THAT Christmas spirit (as outwardly evidenced by Xmas bazaars in the shops and Xmas holiday plans, etcet.) —rather heartening, really, in a way, you know, even to the most *blasé* of us all. Not that anyone's really terribly *blasé* these days, not so that you'd notice it, even amongst the very, very young. Though in the 'eighties and 'nineties most popular, apparently, when they used to wear whiskers and bustles, you know (which would make *anyone* tired of life, methinks), and Great Exhibitions were held at Earl's Court, and poor old Mr. Gladstone was daily denounced in all the best middle-class households as a traitor, and so on, for whom hanging'd be much too good—all because he had some so-called Liberal ideas that'd be fearful back-numbers to the Tories now.

BUT that's rather the way things happen, isn't it? *Tout ça change*

"These dark November days"

in positively the most astonishing and epoch-making way. Just think what's come about in only thirty years, f'rinstance—date specially selected because of what they did about motoring just at that precise interval back from now. Great and glorious victory for above-named sport and pastime having been won about the middle of November, 1896, owing to somewhat rash and headstrong repeal (much shaking of heads about it those days, it's said) of law whereby up to then every motor car (horseless carriage, I mean) had to be preceded on its reckless career of about four miles an hour by a gentleman walking in front and carrying a red flag. And very nice cars they were, too, judging by the pictures of the period. Lovely little spider-wheeled things like bath chairs or dog carts that'd lost their horses. . . . Oh, help! Nearly a dozen cars, they say, reached Brighton that day, out of fifty or so that started, and one of 'em actually did as much as seventeen miles an hour—though why the reckless propeller or inciter thereof wasn't arrested for furious driving, I simply *don't* know.

BUT even if all the other things change, Christmas doesn't, does it? Christmas and the spirit thereof, a foolish, simple little thing, I grant you, but rather nice and friendly in its quiet way. A kind of wireless telegraphy, so to speak, that sort of flashes from heart to heart, despite all the devastating changes of the ages and the variation of modes and customs even from year to year. Apropos, hearken now, dear Cousin, to the words of one who writes, says he, from "miles away out in the veldt." An orgy of English papers he's just been enjoying, though "the latest for us are three weeks old to you." Poor thing—and yet, I don't know —after all, not sure things aren't generally more amusing three weeks after than they were at the time.

"I'M in a land of baboons," says he, "and crocodiles, mines, bad roads, and, as a rule, bad music. . . . And you, once dancing partners of mine, I suppose your heads are cropped, and you

(Continued on page 674)

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

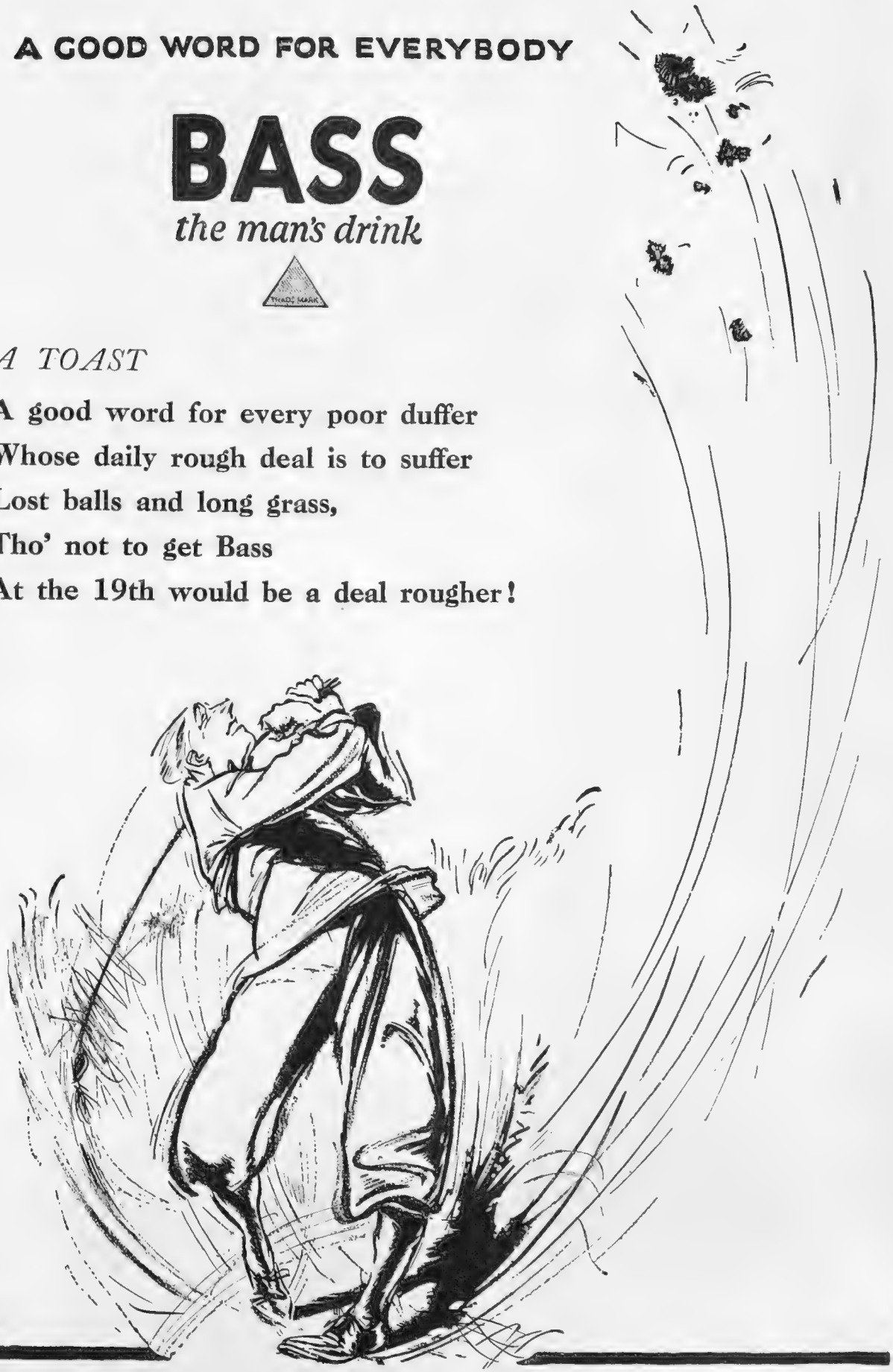
BASS

the man's drink

TRADE MARK

A TOAST

A good word for every poor duffer
Whose daily rough deal is to suffer
Lost balls and long grass,
Tho' not to get Bass
At the 19th would be a deal rougher!



BV4

drink too many cocktails (how Victorian they are out among the wilds!), and you've become too smart for me to invite, when I *do* get home. . . . But memories—half an hour in the Savoy ballroom, think of it! . . . And from what we read, London is changing, too—Eros gone, the Circus a kind of merry-go-round, ructions even in the Lords, and professionalism getting a hold on game after game. . . . I wonder (says he) if it's true of England, as it is true out here, that people haven't got any interests outside themselves and their own little environment? "

卐

A KIND of League of our own Nation, he suggests, in fact, and, after all, why not? All the best Christmas wishes to him, by the way, and an early leave—and I do think he'll find, don't you, dear Cousin, that if we've changed, *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose,* all the same, this Christmas feeling of ours. Like nothing else on earth it is, I do verily believe. We may have borrowed Christmas celebrations from the Germans, and *they* may have got 'em originally from Odin or some other of the celebrated heathen gods up in the Far North, but I don't care. Xmas is Xmas, and even the most up-to-date Scrooges are quite often melted to, at any rate, a semblance of sweet reasonableness thereby—such is the force of tradition *and* Dickens, who, after all, is the one sort of author most of the Scrooge-like millionaires probably read and dote on and adore.

卐

A TIME of bustle and joy, you know, these pre-Christmas days (after all, it's only just a month ahead), and a time of being rather nicely sentimental, too. All ready and alert for sort of sobstuffy stuff we are, I mean, so that better than ever, for instance, goes down that rather alluring little melody of Florence Mills's in *The Blackbirds*—

"After all Christmas is Christmas"

I'm a little blackbird,
Looking for a blue bird, too.
You know little blackbirds
Get a little lonesome too,
And blue . . .

And all the other fascinating affairs about building fairy castles, same as all the white folks do, that's true, and all the rest of it. Not to mention some of our latest dance songs, wherein someone wails piteously that he's—

Making believe
That I'm glad without you—
I don't know why
I must go on,
Living a lie
Now you are gone . . .

卐

AND someone else remarks, in another more or less popular dance song, that . . .

I'd climb the highest mountain
If I knew that when I'd climbed it
I'd find you.

Whereon some cynic cynically remarked the other day that it couldn't have been such a terribly enormous feat on his part to climb a mountain where he knew he'd find a weak woman already seated on the summit, but let that pass. Eventual point being that, here we are all pleasantly beginning to be immersed in the singularly attractive sentimentalities of the pre-Christmas era, and don't you forget it. So nice, I think, partly because it makes us for once so kindly uncritical, and even nice little plays like *Half a Loaf* at the Comedy seem to us for the moment quite little masterpieces in their way.

卐

WHEREIN, you know, there's really rather a nice idea of the heroine, who's the daughter of a U.S. millionaire, absolutely making up her mind to marry a charming, middle-aged artist, who doesn't want her in the least, and says so quite plainly, not to say rudely. Whereupon she promptly goes and tells her Poppa that said artist has led her astray and she's been living in sin with him. And Poppa proceeds to argue so loudly and continuously that he must make an honest woman of her that it's eventually done, and, of course, ends happily, as they say—spite of Hilda Moore (whose picture by Shannon, by the way, has just been hung in the Tate) being rather on the *tapis* as a *chère amie* of aforesaid forcibly acquired husband, Dennis Eadie to wit, who's so charming and smooth you wish he played parts like that oftener. And dear Phyllis Titmuss is simply full of life and a quite delightful actress—only someone should really tell her that she's on the stage and not in a telephone box of the worst type. I mean to say, her accent is almost too refained (as Mr. St. John Ervine would put it) for words, or the westest part of West Kensington (and then a bit west).

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

"Preceded by a man carrying a red flag"

MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI

The Lost Art of Taking Pains

SOMETHING over four centuries ago, Michael Angelo said "Trifles make Perfection—and Perfection is no Trifle." Perhaps none is better qualified to confirm this truth than the jeweller, for in the small details of his work lies the secret of its beauty. The radiance of a jewel may be marred by weak or poorly-designed setting, and pearls can lose half their luminous lustre badly strung or ill-matched.

A GREAT JEWELLER must be a great artist, basing the production of his work on three essentials: the quality of his gems, the beauty of his design and the delicate skill of their setting. When you consider the cutting of a gem, the mounting of a jewelled bracelet, the grading of a string of pearls, you realise that the work of the jeweller should be categorised as an Art as much as a Trade.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that in the 20th century "taking pains" is a lost art; Garrard's maintain that those who walk through the famous jewel and silver rooms in Albemarle Street with their 20th century Georgian soft green background, have ample proof that, on behalf of the jeweller, the House of Garrard gives the lie to this assertion. Behind every detail of the work of each jewel stands the endeavour to make it a practical demonstration of belief in that maxim of the grand old Tuscan master-artist.

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NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S

SEVEN YEARS OLD

★ ★ ★

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

A Mixed Bag from the World of Sport

Topical

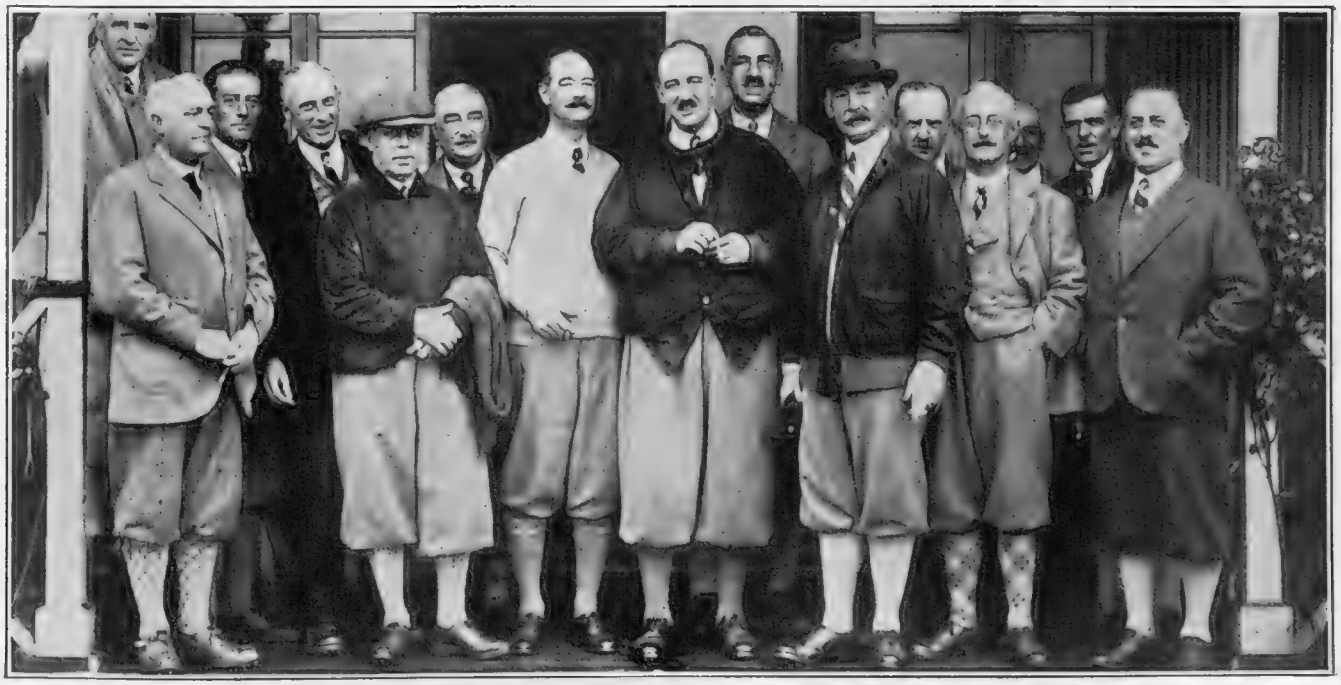
WELL OFF THE MARK

The start of the Two Miles in the final heat of the Inter-College Relay Races at Oxford. It was won by Oriel, Balliol winning the Cup for the meeting for the third year in succession with 16 points. Christchurch were second with 25 points

Sport and General

CAMBRIDGE TAKE THE FIELD

The Cambridge XI which recently met Richmond and Kingston on the Richmond ground. A keen game resulted in a draw, each side scoring one goal



Sport and General

'AT THE NINETEENTH"

Members of the Automobile Golfing Society photographed at Mid-Surrey last week. The occasion was the Annual Winter Meeting, which took place in wet weather

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Alfieri

DEFYING THE WEATHER

A group at the Derby Autumn Meeting who were undaunted by the efforts of the weather to put a damper on the proceedings. The photograph shows Lady Godfrey-Faussett (left), the Hon. Mrs. C. Birkin, Sir William Feilden, Sir William Cooke and Miss Feilden

Betting and the Tax

NOBODY who went racing during the first fortnight of the operation of the betting tax could have failed to notice the great falling-off in the amount of betting on the course. Some of the starting-price bookmakers with whom I have discussed the situation tell me that they have found that the amount of business they are doing at present is vastly less than has been the case in a normal November. For my own part, I believe this slump in the volume of betting will be less pronounced next season. Some of the biggest professionals will drop out of the game, but I am convinced that the majority of owners, trainers, and average members of the racing public will in course of time be backing as freely as usual in spite of the percentage which the Government is taking from them. All sorts of different systems of collecting the tax from their clients are now being followed by the bookies. For my part, however, I think it would be desirable if they could agree with the backers upon some uniform plan.

A Thrill at Derby

WE had one of the most thrilling finishes of the season in the Markeaton Plate at Derby last week. Nor did the excitement end when the winning post was reached, for the Stewards were called upon to go into a series of objections with the result, as you know, that Abbot's Smile was disqualified and the stakes were divided by Embargo and Inca. The latter's recent successes have done something to compensate her owner and trainer for the shortcomings of Delius. This colt has cost backers a mint of money this autumn. I am afraid he is rather a faint-hearted customer. He goes like a lion at home, but is much less formidable when he is put through the mill on the racecourse.

Last Week of the Flat

WE have now reached the closing days of the flat-racing campaign, and it remains to congratulate Lord Woolavington upon having come out a long way on top of the list of winning owners. No supporter of the Turf more richly deserves the great successes which have fallen to him in recent years. His trainer, Fred Darling, easily heads the list of successful members of his profession. The leading jockey of the year is Tommy Weston. So far as jockeyship is concerned, however, I shall remember the season for the splendid work of Joe Childs, who has carried off a large proportion of the most important races of the year. The Manchester November Handicap presents its usual problem on Saturday. **Bayford** impresses me as possessing a reasonable chance.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ONLY the weak boast of their virtue, but even the wise may become slaves to a vice, so it is a moot point whether an easy virtue is not preferable to a weak wisdom.

If one exists in the atmosphere of London the study of the stage becomes an inevitable habit, and most habits, except upon a horse, are bad. To the earnest and enthusiastic student the quality of the average entertainment provided is, of course, infuriating. The sophisticated and sardonic philosopher, however, often may manage to extract odd items of amusement before, behind, or between the scenes.

The persistent observer of current dramatic art in London has no time for cultured leisure. If he would be abreast of the times he must swallow an early dinner, and wrap himself in starch by 8 p.m., many days each week in order not to miss the latest failure. The awful truth is that should he miss a first night he will probably be engaged on the remaining five nights of the run.

Of the hundred plays each year the critical observer is doomed to witness, only the optimist would consider two per cent. worth the waste of time, which small percentage is usually produced at special performances by the Stage Society, the Phœnix, the Repertory Players, or such-like groups. The other 98 per cent., judged on the plane of literature, are rubbish; crude, vulgar, sentimental, illiterate, unalluring.

The artistic harvest of the London theatre is suffering a drought. Of what does our dramatic fare to-day consist? A plethora of American muck sentiment and imported emotion; a few miserably translated French comedies with the guts extracted and some sugary virginity introduced; a few pseudo-smart but distorted representations of alleged English social life, which thrill the romantic fishmongers and the very greengrocers' wives who so richly adorn the stalls.

It is perhaps unfair to be hypercritical, for there are so many influences which now affect the control of the London theatre. The economic problem is responsible for its partial eclipse. The extortionate rents have paralysed the gamble of artistic attempt. Mammon is to-day the omnipotent god which demands a vulgar worship. So far as the fashion of the theatre is concerned, it is true that gentlemen usually prefer blondes, but Shylock invariably prefers bonds. Hence the provision for brunettes.

* * * * *

Of course in these little cameos, the writer should really tell what beautiful clothes the firm of Pope and Bradley can mould upon the graceful bodies of its customers, but the repetition of mere fact becomes excruciatingly dull. Unfortunately for Pope and Bradley, men's clothes last far too long. One evening suit outlives the life of five hundred plays. A tragic thought. Lounge Suits and Overcoats from £9 9s. od. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
Also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Born 1820——
Still going Strong!

OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 10

"Mad as a Hatter"

AT the time of the Civil War there lived a Buckinghamshire hermit named Robert Crabbe, renowned as a fanatical vegetarian, at one time feeding on dock leaves and grass; as a doctor; author; mystic; and prophet. The Restoration and the coming of William the Third were prophesied by him. He became a prosperous "haberdasher of Hats" at Chesham and earned for himself the title of Mad Hatter because of his habit of praying behind the counter, and because, in 1651, he sold his shop and goods and distributed the money among the poor. In later years the phrase was connected with Australian shepherds and hut-keepers whose lonely life impaired their mental faculties, and whose diversion was the making of cabbage-tree hats.

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

"Harry Smith was easily distinguished by his Lowland habit . . . . where he stood leaning on a sword . . . . Since he slew his man, Henry had not struck a blow . . . MacGillie Chattanach became alarmed. . . .

"'What ails thee, man?' said the Chief. . . .

"'You as good as called me hireling but now,' replied Henry—'If I am such . . . . I have done enough for my day's wage.'

"'He that serves me without counting his hours,' replied the Chief, 'I reward him without reckoning wages.'

"'Then,' said the Smith, 'I fight as a volunteer' . . . . and shouldering his heavy weapon, he . . . . placed himself opposite to the Chief of Clan Quhele!"

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Lowlander as he was, the honour of Henry Wynd stood high as that of any Highland chief that ever trod heather. So with Black & White. Honoured among the honourable of the Highlands, Black & White is yet good company and cordial withal. Henry Wynd was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,—

CHAMPAGNE, one franc a drop! This is the warning which ought to be posted outside some of the night haunts of Montmartre as an indication of recent price ascensions. Some of the *patrons* have taken wing to the

"Write out a money order"

astronomical plane. There is a necessity that they should be brought down to earth. Maybe they have been reading the published long screeds about index figures and world prices and decided that they will lead the way in redressing the alleged inequality of standards. But five hundred francs a bottle sounds like trying to recoup the amount of the debt to America in a single night. Out with a revelling party of Canadians four bottles of an ordinary *marque* cost us sixteen hundred francs. Four hundred francs a time suggesting ideas of economy, we moved on to another establishment, which shall remain unnamed, as their profits enable them to pay for all advertisement, and it was here we hurtled against the five-hundred-franc extortion.

ONE would have little to say if champagne were really costly in itself. Growers and dealers, everyone will agree, are entitled to recover their outlay and make a comfortable profit, but you can buy the best bottle of champagne at from thirty to forty francs even if you are but taking half a dozen. Transport up the half-mile hill from the city to Montmartre may cost quite a bit, but the *patrons* of the *boîtes* will scarcely tell us that it entitles them to multiply the price by ten. As profiteering goes it is not merely overstepping, but overleaping. Soon it will be cheaper to cross to London for a night out.

NOW, I don't wonder that Josephine Baker, princess of the coloured dancer *eccentriques*, decided to enter the cabaret business with a place in Montmartre. Josephine has spent long nights in the quarter as an entertainer and has been able to appreciate that, in comparison with the profits on champagne purveying, a high salary as a fun-furnisher was starvation pay. Stranger fact is that more people with a few thousand francs of capital have not rushed into the business, as those in operation show a minimum of initiative. Generally speaking, it is the visitors who have to provide their own amusement, almost playing their own tunes as well as paying the piper. And the dancing "space" is mostly such that twenty couples make a crowd. What Montmartre needs is a real shake-up from some enterprising invaders.

"Abandonment of collars and ties"

"Stood in the pouring rain"

CAN you imagine Lancastrians, or Londoners, "queuing" up to pay their income-tax? Even as an imaginary effort such a picture fails to show up on the mental screen. Yet this is what Parisians have been doing lately. And the French people have the reputation of being unwilling to pay taxes of any sort, and particularly income tax. I really think, that if British taxpayers had as many difficulties placed in the way of paying their taxes the Chancellor of the Exchequer would receive nearly nothing. He would more probably be the victim of a riot.

MOST Parisians, on receiving their demand note, had about three days' "grace" in which to pay. At one *perception* the mob of none the less willing contributors was so big that it formed up into a queue three or four deep, which stretched right down the street. For hours these unconquerable heroes stood in the pouring rain and they did not even gesticulate to show their displeasure, till at four o'clock an official came out and announced that the bureau was closing. Then, as one man, they threatened to pull the place down if the officials did not remain to take their money. They won!

Is not that *tout à fait admirable?* Taxpayers who threaten violence if their contributions are refused! I think it is altogether wonderful. All the more so as all they needed to do was to walk into any post-office and write out a money order to the *percepteur*, or forward one of those bits of paper called a cheque. But everyone meant to make certain that the *percepteur* himself had the money in his *coffre-fort* and was prepared to sacrifice hours in order to witness it.

Our *Ligue de l'Anti-Carcan*, the members of which have solemnly sentenced to death the detested starched collar, have now got themselves into the position of the rodents who had decided on the belling of the cat. Just as the main problem was not the decision in favour of belling but the execution of the perilous action, so with the anti-starched collar brigade the need is not for approval of the principle, but for heroes who will put it into operation by discarding the so-called band of torture. The more conservative wing held that they would be going far enough in wearing the soft collar—for evening dress or ceremonial occasions, of course, not merely for ordinary daytime or play-time engagements—but the Radicals call fervently for the complete abandonment of collars and ties, even during gala nights at the Opera.

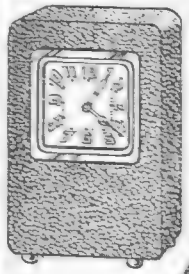
THE PRINCE'S CUP

The handsome trophy which the Prince of Wales presented to the Nivelle Golf Club at St. Jean de Luz. His Royal Highness was playing there a month or so ago and expressed himself delighted with the course

The split was avoided by the traditional political method of temporisation, but more interesting to the general onlooker is the fact that all these reformers show a pronounced fear of attending a first night or an official function in anything but a stiff collar. Their explanation is that they are using up their old ones, these being days of economy, but it is certainly very difficult to regard that as anything more than a poor excuse for their lack of *audace*.

Personally, despite the importance of the people, who have assumed the leadership of this epoch-making movement, as they call it, I am convinced it will end in leaving things as they are, unless King Alfonso can be induced to lead a fashion of open shirt necks, just as he gave a boom to the soft collar. Which is just as well. I have never found anybody who could prove that a soft collar was more comfortable than a starched one. It is all a matter of fitting. What the *Anti-Carcan* leaders need to do is to change their *chemisier* and get a better one.

René.



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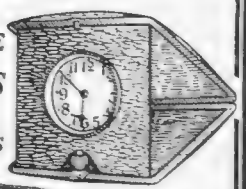

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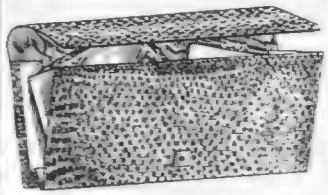

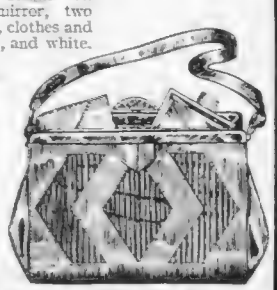

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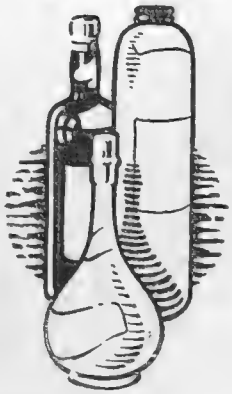

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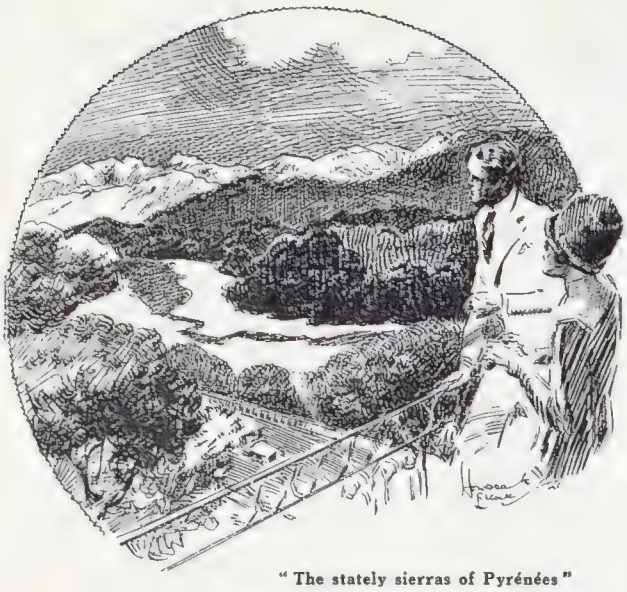
Sketches by H. K. ELCOCK



"The stately sierras of Pyrénées"

"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

I HAD spent at Pau one of the pleasantest days of my life. I had seen the meet of the foxhounds in the morning, which had caused me to reflect how far off were the days of the gallant Frenchman, Gerard, who rode through the English fox-dogs and despatched the hated fox with his cavalry sabre. I had played my eighteen holes on the very sporting golf-course and taken my morning *apéritif* at the Cercle Anglais.

I had seen the turreted castle, home of the first Bourbons. I had strolled along the fashionable boulevards and tramped the narrow, winding streets of the old town, where the gentle-eyed white oxen—symbol for all time of peasant patience—draw their heavy carts along. I had seen the old market—is there not a perennial fascination about markets?—where the countryfolk, slow-moving and dignified as their own oxen, had brought in their wares. Many a handsome face I had seen among the rows of market-women: grandmothers in their shawls and handkerchiefs or little black caps, and slender, dark-eyed girls in Spanish-looking mantillas. They sat there under the big sun-umbrellas—umbrellas not unlike gigantic samples of the *cèpes* and mushrooms they were selling. What tints (I had wondered) could please the artist's eye more than the colours of the vegetables in their big rush-baskets? Lettuces, tomatoes, freshly scraped carrots, cauliflowers and chillies—how prosaic in name, but how poetical in colouring!

And in the quiet of the early evening I came out from the Hôtel Gassion—with a certain reluctance I admit, for one is made so comfortable there—and sauntered along the broad, sweeping terrace of the Boulevard des Pyrénées. Further along—I am not sure how far I walked—I found a green chair and a little table and a pleasant-faced waiter, who, with all the smiling courtesy of the South, brought me a Dubonnet and left me in peace.

I gazed down over the stone balustrade, where enormous rhododendrons—straight out of "Alice in Wonderland"—grew up the steep slope, to where the winding Gave rippled over its stony bed in the valley below. The slopes beyond, lit up in the soft evening light, rose in green terraces, tier upon tier, towards the stately sierras of Pyrénées. Here and there a gleam of fading sunlight caught a red roof or a slender spire hiding amid the soft greenery of the tree-clad hills. The mountains of many lands have a character all their own. The high Alps at sunset are Olympian gods, glittering in their glory; our English hills are stout English squires, rugged and sturdy. The Pyrénées are Spanish hidalgos, gracious, stately, and a trifle grave. Step by step they seemed to rise until their topmost ridge melted into the clouds above.

As I mused, I closed my eyes. When I opened them again it seemed as though the railway station and the track below had faded. No longer could I hear the sharp bark of motor horns or the rattle of trains crossing the bridge. But the wooded and vine-clad slopes were still there. So was the Tower of Gaston Phœbus and the winding road below. I heard the clang of armed heels and a rattling of heavy iron chains. The great drawbridge of the castle—I had not seen it there in the morning—came clanking down, and out rode a horseman clad in blazoned armour, bucketing and plunging on his gaily caparisoned charger. Placing a silver trumpet to his lips, he blew a rousing summons. Immediately from every side mounted men came galloping, arms a-gleam and pennons waving, the iron-shod hooves of their horses striking fire from the cobbled square.

The trumpeter was pointing. Up the dusty, winding road came a glittering cavalcade—a forest of lances, a sea of nodding plumes: armoured knights and spearmen, halberdiers, and stout men-at-arms. A hundred pennons were unfurled, and above them all waved the banner of the golden lilies. And as they marched they sang the battle-song of Ivry:—

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre . . . .

The song died. There was a sudden hush. A voice, close beside me, whispered: "'Tis he . . . the Béarnais!"

Close by me rode a horseman; I saw him as plain as ever I saw mortal man: the great warhorse with rider erect in the saddle, the shining helmet with its snowy plume, the piercing eyes, the smiling mouth, the proud, hawk-like face. I had seen him, the darling of France, the warrior-king, the prince of lovers—Henry of Navarre.

"He blew a rousing summons"

The sound of the trumpets ceased. The vision faded. I heard again the clatter of a train and honk of a Renault lorry. But as I walked slowly back to the hotel the strains of that old war-song still echoed in my head:—

Now let there be a merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France.
Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

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UTOPIAN MOMENTS *of idleness are scarce these days. Life is such a scramble—yet thousands extract the last ounce of pleasure from the daily round. For Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne helps them to keep on enjoying themselves and come through fresh.*

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Femina

Some Reasons for Self-respe

By "CANDIDA"

IN summer it's quite easy to camo flage a decent poverty. A nice h isn't necessarily a question guineas. Take a straw from nowhc in particular, a straw that's not t pretty-pretty, wear it with lots of assu ance and hardly any trimming, and yc can almost beat Caroline Reboux at h own game. Almost, but not quit There are people, the real connoisseurs who know all about that inimitable littl kink up, or that slight tilt down whicl makes all the difference between a hat that's a hat and one that's a makeshift. But one can afford to ignore connoisseurs. For one thing, there are so few of them.

IN summer, too, one can wear adorable jumpers at something and eleven, and the figure underneath will matter more than the cut. No doubt the connoisseurs will have something to say about the way they do these things at Lanvin's. Though the Paris standard is a thing to be thankful for, one wonders sometimes if it's worth the price. I have seen copies that might have deceived the very elect. In a really well-bred garment one recognises the hand of the master—that is, if one is up in masters—just as superior people know an artist by his work without reference to the distinguished scrawl in the corner. But in this unheeding world superiority is often

MISS MURIEL ATTNEAV
Whose engagement to Mr. Eustace Berry, son c has recently been announced. Miss Attneave of the late Sir Thomas Skinn

omes run happily into thousands, and e has at least one Rolls-Royce to one's me.

THE miracle is that lots of people go about wonderfully fur-coated and portant, and yet one knows that ere's nothing about their poor little circumstances to warrant that coat. A relic of better days, perhaps? Hardly. This year's fur coat is always different from any other year's, and a relic in fur proclaims itself a relic from afar. Besides, they hadn't any better days. How, then, is it done? By sheer force of will, I imagine. By a sort of Couéism applied to shopping, a little every-day-and-in-every-way thinking invested in fur coats.

Lenare

ger musicians. Angeles. This at Sir Thomas ar she will go Concerts

SO as to make things easy for everybody, fur coats have climbed down from their old three-figured aloofness to something quite modest and affordable. Not, of course, that twenty guineas, however well invested, will get you the value of two hundred. But it does account for all sorts of excellent things, and gives that feeling of "being well-dressed."

CANDIDA.

CARLO

e BURG, LISBON, LONDON, LYONS,
o MADRID, MALMO, MARSEILLES,
o MESSINA, MILAN, MUNICH, NANTES,
y NAPLES, OSLO, PALERMO, PARIS,
f PRAGUE, REGGIO, RHEIMS, ROME,
SAN SEBASTIAN, SOFIA, STOCKHOLM,
y STRASBURG, TOULOUSE, TOURS,
a TRIESTE, VIENNA, WARSAW.

r. The full programme for the forthcoming
r meeting, for which entries must be received
n by the International Sporting Club, Monte
1 Carlo, or at the offices of "L'AUTO,"
: 10 Rue du Faubourg, Montmartre, Paris, by
: December 25th, runs as follows :—
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January 20th.—Arrival of the Rally, Monte Carlo.

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A GIFT OF PARFUMS COTY IS A SUBTLE COMPLIMENT

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Quorn in Form

IT is doubtful whether there has been a better pack of hounds in the Quorn kennels since the days of Tom Firr. With reasonable luck, Major Burnaby and Mr. Paget look like showing some splendid sport to their followers. At any rate, the season has started most encouragingly in the Quorn country. Following an unusually successful afternoon from the opening meet at Kirby Gate, these hounds have done consistently well in spite of a lot of bad weather. They were favoured with very fair scenting conditions after their fixture at Wymeswold last week. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were among those out during the day, and came in for some enjoyable gallops. A pity the rain gave everybody a regular soaking. On the following day much better conditions were enjoyed with the Belvoir, which had an excellent day on the Lincolnshire side of their country.

Wanted—A Master

I NOTICE the Committee of the Warwickshire Hunt are already taking steps to find a Master for next season. It is unusual for a country of this importance to be hunted by a Committee. The "Council of Three," comprising Sir Charles Wiggin, Sir Frederick Freake, and Mr. R. H. A. Holbech, are well qualified to do full justice to the country, but, of course, their appointment is only a temporary arrangement, and it is hoped that the right man will come forward to take over the command of the hounds. Mr. Holbech, the chairman of the Hunt Committee, and Colonel B. Granville, the secretary, are open to receive applications for the vacant Mastership.

The Brocklesby

DEEP sympathy will be extended to Lord Yarborough and his son, Lord Worsley, in their bereavement. The death of the Countess of Yarborough has naturally thrown a gloom over Lincolnshire hunting. Few packs can claim a longer history than the Brocklesby, and records show that the hounds have practically always been in the hands of members of the Pelham family. The country enjoys a comparative immunity from wire trouble, and the sporting farmers vie with each other in supporting the Hunt.

Presentations

DURING the opening month of the season a number of presentations have been made to ex-M.F.H.s. One was to Mr. John E. Charleton, who has been handed a cheque and a list of subscribers to it by the Ludlow people. He helped to carry on the Ludlow Hounds during a most difficult period, and Colonel E. N. Dunne, who made the presentation on behalf of the Hunt Committee, stated that everybody connected with this West Midland pack was grateful for the sportsmanship and pluck with which Mr. Charleton surmounted the heavy fences he encountered during his term of Mastership. Followers of the Croome Hounds have not neglected to give Mr. W. J. Gresson a tangible token of their appreciation of his efforts in that country. He was recently the recipient of a silver salver from the members of the Hunt, and Mrs. Gresson was given a diamond brooch, forming a replica of the Croome Hunt button.

With the Croome

DURING his Mastership Mr. Gresson built up one of the smartest packs of hounds in the kingdom, and big prices were made when they were sold at Rugby in the spring. It is only natural that, when returning thanks for the gifts which had been made to him, the ex-Master paid a handsome tribute to the great support he had always received from the puppy walkers. The new Masters of the Croome are Colonel W. Wiggin and Major W. H. Taylor. They are hunting the hounds themselves, and are under the difficulty of having to get together a new pack since the end of last season. Up to the present the Croome country has not been favoured in the matter of scenting conditions, but in due course it is likely to provide plenty of good sport.

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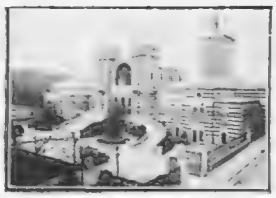

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100 happy memories

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Punch Bouquet Elegante, a cigar of good quality. Costing 21/3 per box of 25.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

INFERENCES.

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"THE dividing line," wrote an American authority, "between the mediocre Bridge player and the real expert is that the one plays from trick to trick and lets things develop gradually, while the other infers from the first few tricks what is going to be the outcome by his ability to place suits and cards that are not yet played."

Auction Bridge is much easier than Whist, not only because there is a dummy to help one, but because before the play starts it is possible to gain valuable inferences from the bidding.

. . . . . .

Now while most players make some sort of general inferences from the bidding, very few have the capacity to work out swiftly in detail the information that is afforded to them. Of course it is true that inferences from the bidding may not always be correct. You may think you can place for *certain* a particular card in a particular hand only to find you are wrong. That is the fortune of war. But the point is that it is better to have made an inference, even if it turns out wrong, than to start off playing without having made any inference at all. It is possible to develop the art of inference and deduction to a very high degree, so that you may actually *know*, for instance, not guess, that the ace of a suit lies in a certain hand.

How can you cultivate the art of inference? I will try to show you in the simplest possible way.

At love score, Z deals and bids "One Club." What can you reasonably deduce? (1) That he has not a major suit which he can bid—probably he has not five cards of either major suit. This of course is not certain, but it is probable. (2) That he has not three aces and *certainly* has not four. (3) That he has strength but not necessarily length in Clubs. (4) That he has *certainly* at least two "quick" tricks in his hand. He may have more, but he cannot have less.

Now here you have four solid inferences which are bound to help you in subsequent bidding and also in the play of the hand if you apply them intelligently.

Similar inferences are to be gleaned from an initial bid of one, two or three of a major suit. The original bid of "One No-Trump." is the most baffling of all, in that so often it is difficult or impossible to deduce on what strength it is made.

. . . . . .

Some of the most successful No-Trumpers are called on two-suit strength, and it by no means follows that a big suit bid against a No-Trumper may not be successful.

Knowing the hazard of the No-Trumper—"Anything may happen to a No-Trumper"—it is a recognised rule amongst good players that a major suit (even on four) is preferable to a light No-Trumper. It is, therefore, as a rule a safe inference when No-Trumps is called that the bidder has not a sound major suit bid. No-Trumps more often than not means long minor suits with guards in the majors. It does not follow that every suit is guarded.

A first bid of "Two No-Trumps" straight away, while it often scares opponents from bidding, is not to be read as cast iron. In fact, the bidding of two rather than one is as a rule a confession of weakness, showing that the bidder is afraid of a suit and does not want it mentioned or opened. Sound Two No-Trumps are made on long minor suits when a bid of a major is feared.

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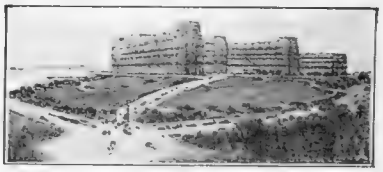

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Who's a "Toy"

THE ALSATIAN TEMPER

By "THE KENNELMAN"

It's an odd kink in the human mind that seems to arouse resentment in some minds against all objects of general popularity. Man, book, picture, play, drink, or phrase, it seems they can never win the favour of the many without being reviled by the few The Kennelman is unable to work up sympathy for the correspondent who, as a "Life-long lover of real Dogs," wants to know if something can't be done to "check the insane craze for the absurdities they call Toy Dogs." Why "insane," and why "absurdities"? The worst thing about 'em, to my mind, is their official designation, and the fairest thing to be done about it would be for the Kennel Club to wash out this archaic and misleading classification in favour of something genuinely descriptive.

The exceeding popularity of the smallest breeds is not in the least a thing to lament, and is due to natural and reasonable causes, including limited house room, the concentration of humans in towns, and, not least, the ever-growing fondness for Dogs, the ever-spreading desire to enjoy their companionship, in town as well as in the country, "in-a-doore" and out, and no matter how much folk move about. There was a time when the "Toys" were mostly "Lap-Dogs," and drowsed through over-fed lives on cushions and silken skirts. But who that knows the modern Pekingese, Griffons, Poms, and their like, can pretend that these conditions remain? Does one not know many of them who are more active than the average Dane, St. Bernard, Mastiff, or Borzoi, for instance? Given fair opportunity, and sensibly bred, there are no keener sports on four feet than lots of the present-day Pekes and Griffs, to mention but two among the so-called "Toys." Pampering is happily no longer the mode, and the type of woman who laps her canine favourite in silks and poisons his existence with plum cake and chocolate is very properly condemned and despised by nine people out of ten. She is *démodé*, and tends, praise the pigs! to become as rare as the simperer who was supposed to swoon at sight of a mouse and be shocked to tears at the sound of a damn. No, rationally fed and bred, there's nothing much wrong with the mistakenly so-called "Toy"—except his designation, which should be altered *ek dum*—his popularity is all to the good, and hasn't in the least reduced the equally striking increase in the bigger breeds, the growing favour won by such hardy sportsmen as the Bull-terrier and the Bedlington, such giants as the Irish Wolfhound, or the still triumphant Alsatian.

The Alsatian, by the way, has been much discussed in the matter of his temper and liability to outbreaks of treachery and savagery. Defenders who claim that the breed has been untouched by wolf blood "for the last three hundred years" are wide of the mark and asking for trouble, no less than the misguided oracles who argue that Alsatians must be complete savages.

Friends of the Dog are hereby reminded (*a*) Dogdom's worst scourge is Distemper; (*b*) this deadly pest can't be coped with and overcome without thorough research; (*c*) The Distemper Research Fund needs further contributions for the completion of its fine work. Oversea Dog-lovers are playing up, and "Kennelman" gratefully acknowledges the latest contribution from a BYSTANDER reader in the Malay States: Mr. T. A. Curran Sharp, Manager of the Raja Musa Estate.

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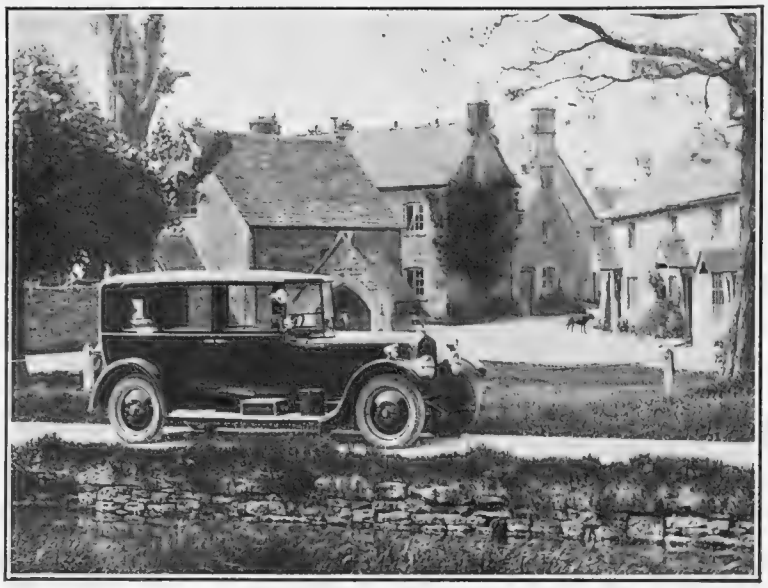
OPPENHEIMERS

In business it can be disastrous. How many an energetic young man to-day seems held back as though by a leash. To be shunned socially is bad enough, but in business it is a cold question of bread-and-butter. And although it is happening every day to many keen, capable young men—few of them recognise in halitosis the root of the trouble.

The tragic effects of halitosis (bad breath) can be overcome by the regular use of Milton—which all chemists have.

MOTOR NOTES



IN A COTSWOLD VILLAGE

A 21 h.p. six-cylinder enclosed drive Lanchester limousine photographed amid picturesque surroundings in the village of Lower Slaughter in the Cotswolds

SCARCELY a week passes without the report of an accident in which a collision with a street "island" or central standard is involved. These obstructions, of course, serve a very useful purpose, but it must be admitted that they are a source of danger in themselves, for unless a driver is acquainted with their exact positions he is liable at any time to swing out of a line of traffic and crash into the "island" or standard. An examination of recent accidents of this kind shows that most of them have occurred after dark. In the case of central street lamps their light is well above the driver's eyes, and if the car is a closed one, or an open one with hood up and side curtains fitted, it is almost impossible to see the obstruction. As a remedy one might mount small red lamps on the guard posts, so as to be always on view, or else red reflectors might be permanently installed so that the light of one's car will illuminate them and give warning of the presence of a refuge. It is acknowledged that, for the safety of pedestrians on wide roads, some kind of street refuge should be provided at definite points, but it is seldom necessary that illuminations should be provided by central lamp standards.

* *
*

IT is surprising to find the number of cars on the road with their lamps improperly set and focused. Many motorists who grumble about inefficient illumination and wish they had a more powerful lighting set on their cars are unaware that the defect is not in the lamps themselves, but in their position and focus. For ideal night driving one should have headlamps which direct a concentrated beam as far ahead as possible, at the same time providing a diffused light in front of the car. It is an easy matter to focus a headlight, although in some cases the actual setting of the lamp will require distinct leverage with a crowbar. Each headlamp should be focused separately, and if a separate switch is not provided one lamp should be obscured. The car should be taken out in the dark on a perfectly straight road, and arranged so that it is pointing straight along the road. The locking device of the focusing adjustment should be slackened, and the bulbs moved forwards and backwards until a position is found in which the best beam is secured, and one absolutely free from dark patches or circles. Each lamp should be dealt with in turn. It is usually found that the better plan is to adjust the near-side lamp so that the most powerful concentrated beam is secured from it, while the off-side one can be adjusted to give a more diffused and softer light.

(*Continued on page* 698)

14-40 VAUXHALL

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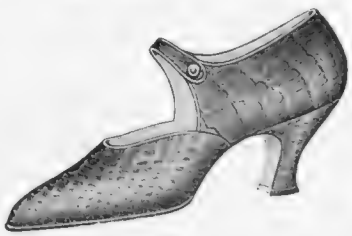

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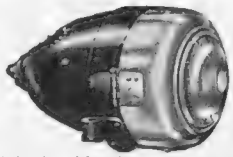

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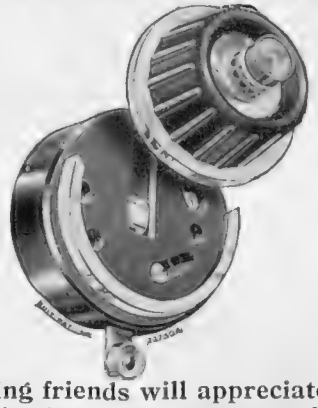

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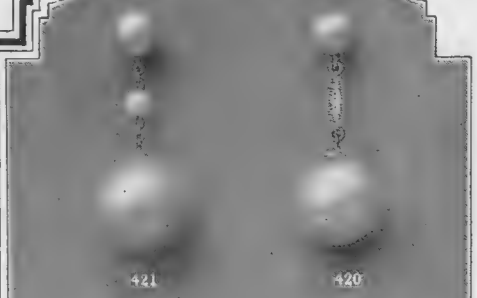

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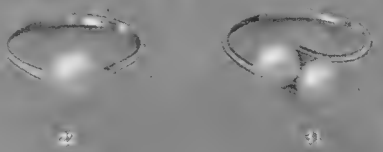

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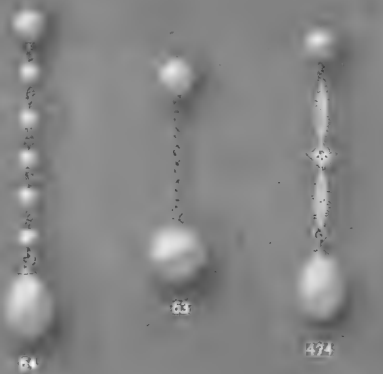

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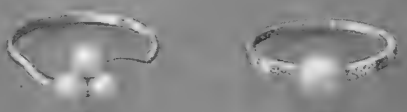

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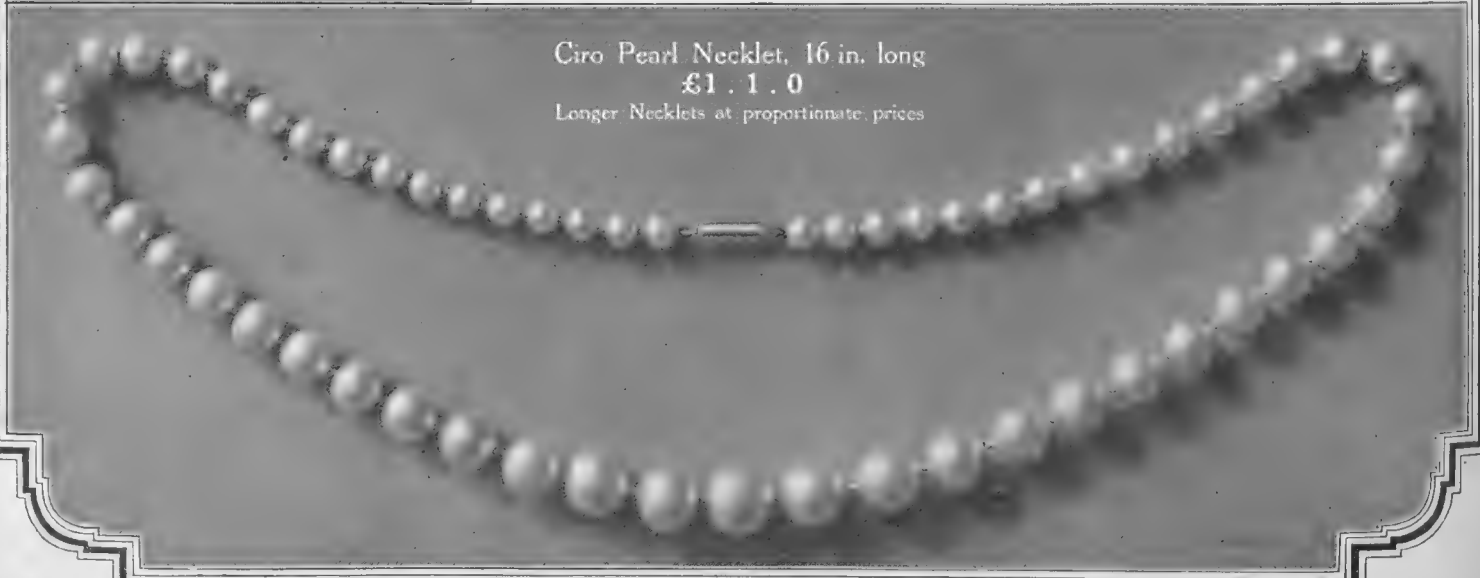

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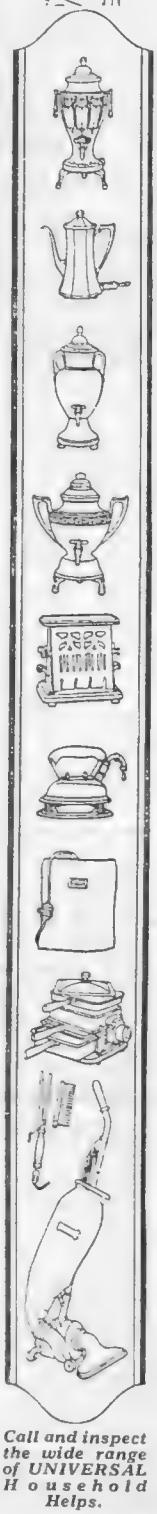

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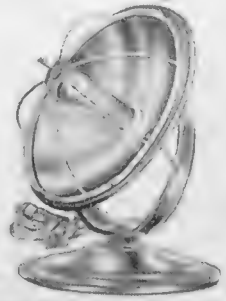

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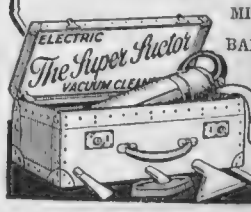

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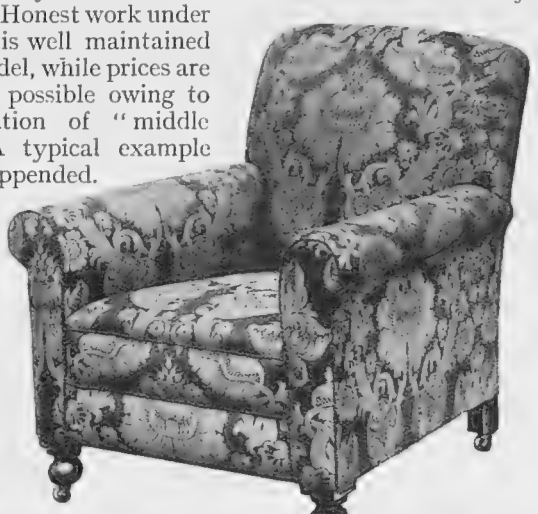

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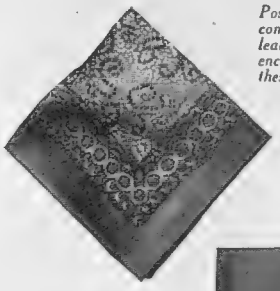

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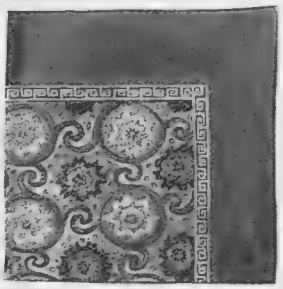

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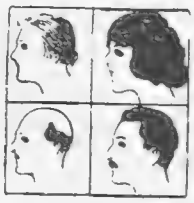

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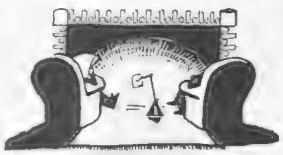

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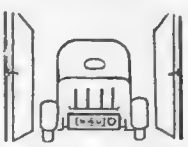

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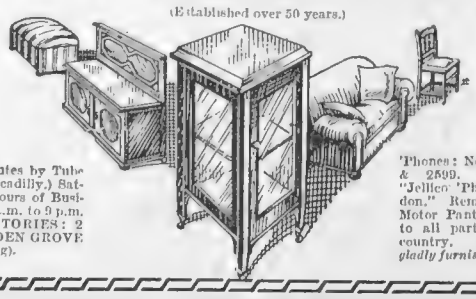

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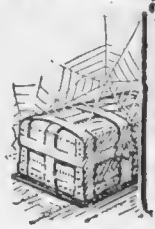

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE VOGUE OF THE HIGH CROWN

Three attractive models which will prove popular during the Little Season. High squashed crowns and infinitesimal brims are still *à la mode*

Original designs by C. Walter

Millinery Increases in Mystery and Movement

A LITTLE bird, though one with an authoritative voice, has whispered to me that we are in for wider brims. Now it must be admitted this takes some believing in view of the prevailing vogues.

A model that only gives one an inkling is the very latest vagabond, if such it may be called, which boasts a plain round crown and distinctly wider brim. But at the moment it has rather a countrified air and does not seem to assimilate quite happily with the smart Little Season toilettes and *recherché* furs. Nevertheless, it may be the small feather denoting the whim of fashion. Meanwhile we are proceeding serenely with high squashed crowns and brims that are infinitesimal or non-existent. Not every face can carry off the close swathed browband as shown on the head on the left of the accompanying group; but those who can may account themselves among the favoured few.

Fashioned on glorified *béret* lines, this *chapeau* of wallflower velvet is drawn into a soft band of silk *appliqué* at one side with a silk floral spray, in *fané* tones of pink and green. Other models of this persuasion are made of velvet, elaborately stitched all over, almost like quilting. There is also depicted one of the very latest felts, the crown posed extremely high at the right side, and the brim of faced velvet rolled up towards the same direction. This at least permits one eye to function, which is more than can be said of the all-turned-down brim. Of velvet, again—black, for useful adaptability—is the third model, the brim cleft at the sides to turn up at the back and down in front. The clever swathe of wide ribbon can be of any colour that appeals to the taste of the wearer. One pleasing alliance is black and ashes of roses.

Furs for the Fastidious

EVERY day and in every way fur coats become more of an obsession. From being merely practical necessities, an expression thankfully accepted scarcely a decade ago, they have developed into the most persuasive of winter possessions. One sees fur coats on every side, good, bad, and indifferent, though only the best stand out as really desirable; and no woman, given the opportunity, ever gives a moment's consideration to any other. Since in addition to quality—a sound, genuine fur is always something in the nature of an investment—there is cut and construction; both of which are immediately apparent and duly impressive, a conviction that is at once realised by a visit to the International Fur Stores (Jays), Oxford Circus. Here one finds the best, and only the best; quite simple, perhaps, but with that air of dignity and worth that is unmistakable.

A mink coat is not by any means an everyday purchase, but when the chance arises for acquiring this covetable possession—probably to prove a lifetime friend—the wise woman goes to this old-standing and reliable firm to ensure soundest value. Early foreseeing the demand likely to be made on mink this season, large purchases of skins were made, which have been built by these experts into the most seductive coats and cloaks. The tiny skins are ingeniously worked to form figured effects with perpendicular, horizontal and diagonal lines. There is apparently nothing the really skilled furrier cannot do these days, and through the medium of mink he is assuredly finding one of the most attractive expressions of his art.

Coming a close second to mink, in the eyes of the *vraie élégante*, is black Persian lamb, especially in the guise of the straight, slim coat now decreed, with crossover fronts. Under latter day auspices these are rendered sufficiently light of weight for comfortable walking. The example depicted here, which was sketched at the International Fur Stores, is completed by a handsome collar of natural skunk. In the case of another model there was observed just a suspicion of a flare at the sides, a concession to a straighter front. The flare, however, is so slight that it is only discernible as the wearer moves, the general impression conveyed being that of a slim silhouette. A collar of Kolinsky tail adds a note of smart distinction to this creation. A vast deal of fastidious attention is likewise paid to the lining of these beautiful fur wraps. An elegant one of seal coney, modelled with the favourite crossover fronts and carrying a particularly long, graceful shawl-shaped collar of skunk, has a lining of rich figured *crêpe de Chine*. In several instances there was noted the use made of hand embroidery in this connection, a luxurious addition that appeals most persuasively.

Geometric Jewellery

THERE has probably been no greater or more pronounced change in anything than in jewellery. Truly enough, it is a change that has been in some degree influenced by dress, which now prescribes simple pronounced line rather than extraneous and elaborate decoration. If one can so describe it, there

FOR WINTER DAYS

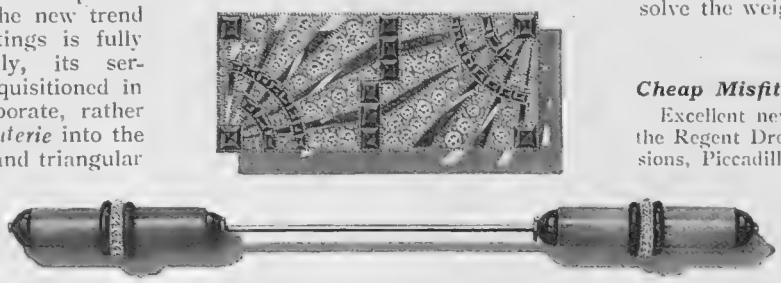
A warm yet light coat of black Persian lamb from the International Fur Stores (Jays), Oxford Circus. Built on slim, straight lines, it has a handsome collar of natural skunk

Sketch by Helen Havers

is almost a tailor-like precision in much of the now approved jewellery. Take rings, for example. Instead of many being worn, frequently a jumble of sapphires, rubies, and diamonds, there is now decreed a single large stone, usually a sapphire or emerald, flanked by long *baguette* cut diamonds, the latter standing up like sentinels either side.

At Garrards, Albemarle Street, W., a firm that is world renowned, and through whose hands the finest jewels and jewellery in the land have passed at one time or another, the new trend in styles, forms and settings is fully appreciated. Consequently, its services are being widely requisitioned in transforming the old elaborate, rather niggling pieces of old *bijouterie* into the new, more severe oblong and triangular effects. There is no manner of doubt as to the telling character of the oblong brooch; it is a very host of a decoration in itself. A woman requires no other ornament save perhaps the ever-present rope of pearls. At Albemarle Street there are numbers of these brooches to choose from, including the one illustrated, an exquisite piece executed in diamonds, set to suggest two small reversed open fans broken by tiny bars of black onyx. The geometrical trend prevailing is particularly evident in this effort. Rather more realism occurs in another of these oblong brooches, in which a small diamond swan swims on a sea of crystal, flanked by squares of diamonds picked out with deep red coral; a remarkably artistic scheme of colouring.

Directly in view of Christmas gifts, Garrards are showing many *recherché* novelties. A man in doubt as to what to give his wife or *fiancée* could not possibly go wrong with one of the dainty shingle combs. The teeth of these are specially devised to cling securely—a wise proviso, as these fascinating things are set with diamonds and onyx. For pinning on hats or the corsage there are the sweetest miniature replicas of every conceivable bird, beast, or fish effected in small diamonds, with here and there a coloured gem introduced to enhance the realism. Tiny as these are, they are perfect reproductions, and are, wherever posed, most intriguing. Then, too, there are long two-headed pins for hats, equally as attractive in their way. For pictorial presentment there was selected a lovely thing of green jade ornamented with collars of diamonds and onyx. Coral similarly enriched is also highly successful in this particular *galerie*. While, to reverse the story, she can give him one of Garrards' charming sets of sleeve links, waistcoat buttons and shirt studs. And if any doubt arises as to what to choose out of the exhaustive selection, the taste and judgment of Garrards can be safely relied upon to solve the weighty problem.



ATTRACTIVE JEWELLERY

Two original and striking pieces of jewellery from Garrards, of Albemarle Street, W The rectangular brooch is executed in diamonds and onyx. The double-headed hat-pin is of green jade ornamented with collars of diamonds and onyx

Cheap Misfits

Excellent new misfits are obtainable from the Regent Dress Company, Piccadilly Mansions, Piccadilly Circus, who are offering at present an exceptionally good selection direct from Savile Row tailors, such as Scholte, Poole, Davies, Lesley and Roberts, etc., at prices considerably below original cost. All garments purchased are altered to fit on the premises, if desired.

A Sale of Note

Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the well-known auctioneers, of 20, St. James's Square, S.W.1, have had instructions to sell by auction the collection of the late Lord Michelham. The sale opened at 20, Arlington Street, S.W., on Tuesday, November 23, and to-day the collection of pictures will be sold, including world-famous works by artists such as Romney, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Boucher, Reynolds, and Lely.

(Continued on page x)

Reproduction of a Fine QUEEN ANNE BUREAU, matching in every detail the original. It is finished and toned so cleverly that only an expert can tell. 2ft. 3in. wide. Price £37 10s.

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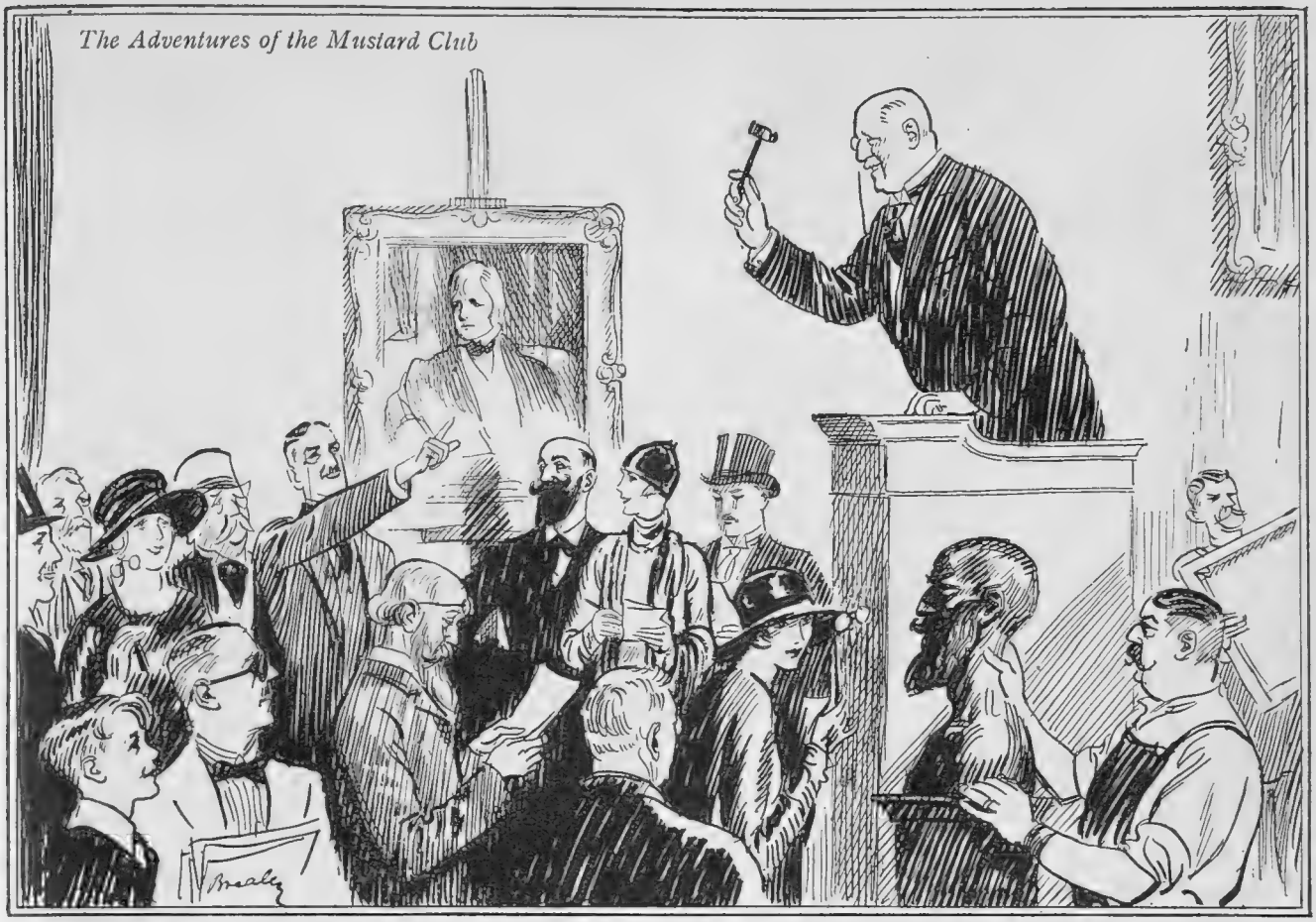
The Adventures of the Mustard Club



An Auction at the Mustard Club

The Baron de Beef (a picture of Sir Walter Scott is shown): "Now, gentlemen, how much for this? A picture by Eatty of Sir Walter Scott, a former President of the Mustard Club. Sir Walter used to eat bread-and-butter sandwiches spread with mustard, not only because they were cheap, he being a Scotsman, but because they were good and kept him in fettle for his enormous output of novels. Shall we say 100 guineas—ten—fifteen? Going at one hundred and fifteen guineas" (the hammer falls). (Bought by Lord Bacon.)

"**Lot No. 190.** A bust of Signor Spaghetti in yellow bronze by Pepstein. Much better nourished than most of Mr. Pepstein's models. Unlike many of the pieces by this famous sculptor, the model does not suffer from indigestion, but enjoys a happy state of health, no doubt due to his liberal use of Mustard." (Bought by Mr. Jaguar to be presented to Hyde Park.)

"**Lot No. 191.** 'Chef—Mixing Mustard,' by Sir William Porken, R.A. What shall we say for this famous study in Essential Oils? Three hundred guineas? Come now—the spoon work has been greatly admired. Four hundred? Thank you." (Mr. Beetun, for the Worshipful Society of Master Cooks.)

"That concludes the sale, gentlemen. The proceeds will be employed in the public interest to encourage the regular use of Mustard and thus to improve the National digestion."

RULES *of the* Mustard Club

1. Every member shall on all proper occasions eat Mustard to improve his appetite and strengthen his digestion.

2. Every member when physically exhausted or threatened with a cold, shall take refuge in a Mustard Bath.

3. Every member shall once at least during every meal make the secret sign of the Mustard Club by placing the mustard-pot six inches from his neighbour's plate.

4. Every member who asks for a sandwich and finds that it contains no Mustard shall publicly refuse to eat same.

5. Every member shall see that the Mustard is freshly made, and no member shall tip a waiter who forgets to put Mustard on the table.

6. Each member shall instruct his children to "keep that schoolboy digestion" by forming the habit of eating Mustard.

JOIN THE MUSTARD CLUB!

S.H.B.

An Ideal Armchair

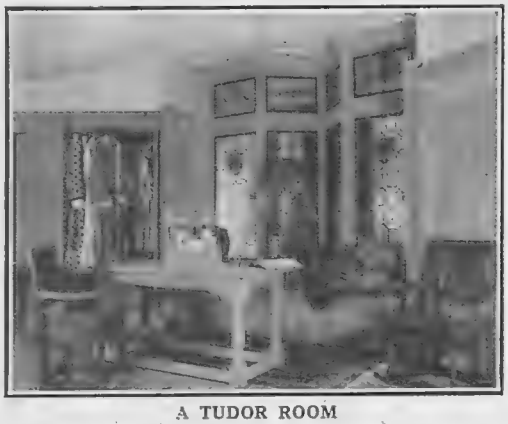
For leisure moments the "Burlington" series of reclining armchairs, manufactured by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., is luxurious indeed. There are mechanical adjustments by which the chairs may be fixed at any angle, and numerous accessories, such as leg rests, removable tables, electric reading lamps and writing desks, may be attached at will. These chairs are invaluable to invalids.

At the Guildhall

At the Lord Mayor's Banquet this year, held at the Guildhall, Bollinger's 1919 vintage was again selected for one of the two champagnes served. There were eight hundred and fifty guests present.

A MARQUETERIE COMMODE

Of the Louis XV-XVI transition, this fine piece from the Michelham Collection is among those auctioned by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 20, St. James's Square, S.W.1



A TUDOR ROOM

One of the new rooms at Messrs. Austin Reed's premises in Regent Street. The windows bear the arms of public schools

Inecto Advantages

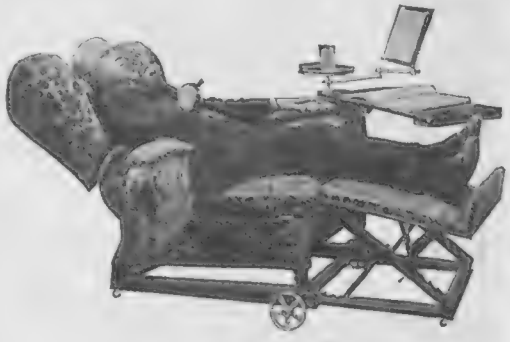
The use of "Inecto" as a hair recolorative has much to recommend it, especially the fact that it leaves the hair bright and glossy looking, and is easily and quickly applied. Full particulars may be obtained from the Inecto Salons, 32, Dover Street, W.1, or 15, North Audley Street, W.1.

Some New Premises

Messrs. Austin Reed have opened some new premises in Regent Street, which Lord Dewar has described as "an outstanding example of British enterprise and initiative." The rooms are well decorated, and furnished so that they give the appearance of the interiors of a country house, and form an ideal shopping centre for men from all parts of the world, and offer every facility for the man who is fastidious about his clothing to obtain satisfaction.

A Triumph in Razors

The demand for safety razor blades is so vast that among the millions that are turned out there is sometimes a somewhat high percentage of faulty ones. But the problem has now been solved by combining the merits of the safety and the virtues of the old type of razor. This has been obtained by using a hollow-ground blade of tested steel, a blade that can be honed as well as stropped. So perfect is the steel of the Rolls Razor blade that it is actually guaranteed to give five years of perfect shaves. Contained in a slim, attractive case, the British-made Rolls Razor is automatically stropped and honed on the lid of its box.



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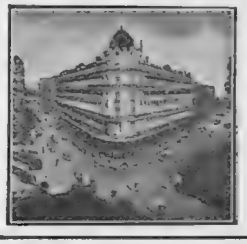

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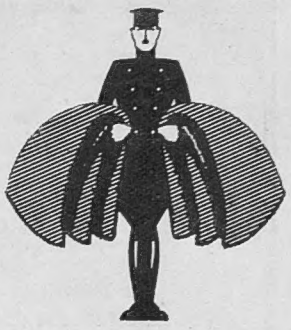

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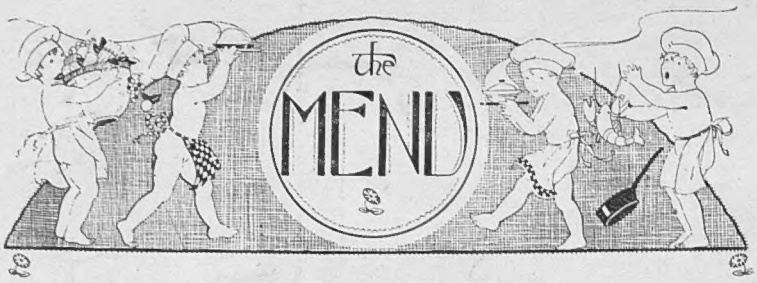

VARIOUS FISH DISHES

Fillets of Turbot with Wine Sauce

Cut small fillets of turbot, and put them in a buttered *sauté* pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine and about a tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, also two small onions and a little mace. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Make a white *roux* with 1 oz. of butter, and ¾ oz. of flour, moisten with a gill of fish stock, a little boiled milk, and the liquor from the fillets, stir until it boils, and let simmer for ten minutes. Season and strain the sauce, have ready some tomatoes cut in slices, which have been cooked in butter, put these on the fillets, pour over the sauce and serve.

Sole à l'Indienne

Fry the soles in the usual way (lemon soles or fillets of plaice will answer equally well). The Indienne Sauce is made of melted butter mixed with pickles and the liquor of piccalilli. Put this round the fish, and garnish with chopped gherkins and capers.

Lobster with Spaghetti

Four ounces of boiled spaghetti, 3 ozs. of grated cheese, 2 ozs. of butter, three tomatoes (medium size), one lemon, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Place a layer of the spaghetti on a hot dish, and sprinkle over a little cheese. Over this, place a layer of sliced tomatoes and then a layer of the lobster in equal depth. Squeeze over the lemon and season with salt and pepper. Place over this the remainder of the spaghetti and the remainder of the cheese. Melt and pour over the butter. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

Devilled Oysters

Two dozen oysters, 1 oz. of butter, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, cayenne and salt, and *croûtons* of toast. Put the butter in a pan, and when dissolved add the lemon-juice and parsley, drain the oysters and cook carefully until they are plump and the gills a little frilled. Season highly with cayenne and salt and serve on *croûtons* of toast. Boil the liquor from the oysters very quickly till it is reduced to half its quantity, then pour it over the oysters and serve at once.

Curried Prawns

Take 4 ozs. of butter, put it in a stewpan, and slice into it two small onions. Fry them till brown over a slow fire, and then take them out. Stir one tablespoonful of curry powder and also a little flour into the melted butter and mix well, then stir in as much gravy (or, if that is not to hand, some milk), sufficient to cover the prawns well, and stew over a slow heat, until they are well cooked. When the gravy is nice and thick add a little cream or a spoonful of condensed milk, a dessertspoonful of chutney and the juice of a lemon. If fresh prawns are unobtainable, the tinned ones answer excellently for this curry.

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"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.—November 24, 1926.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.